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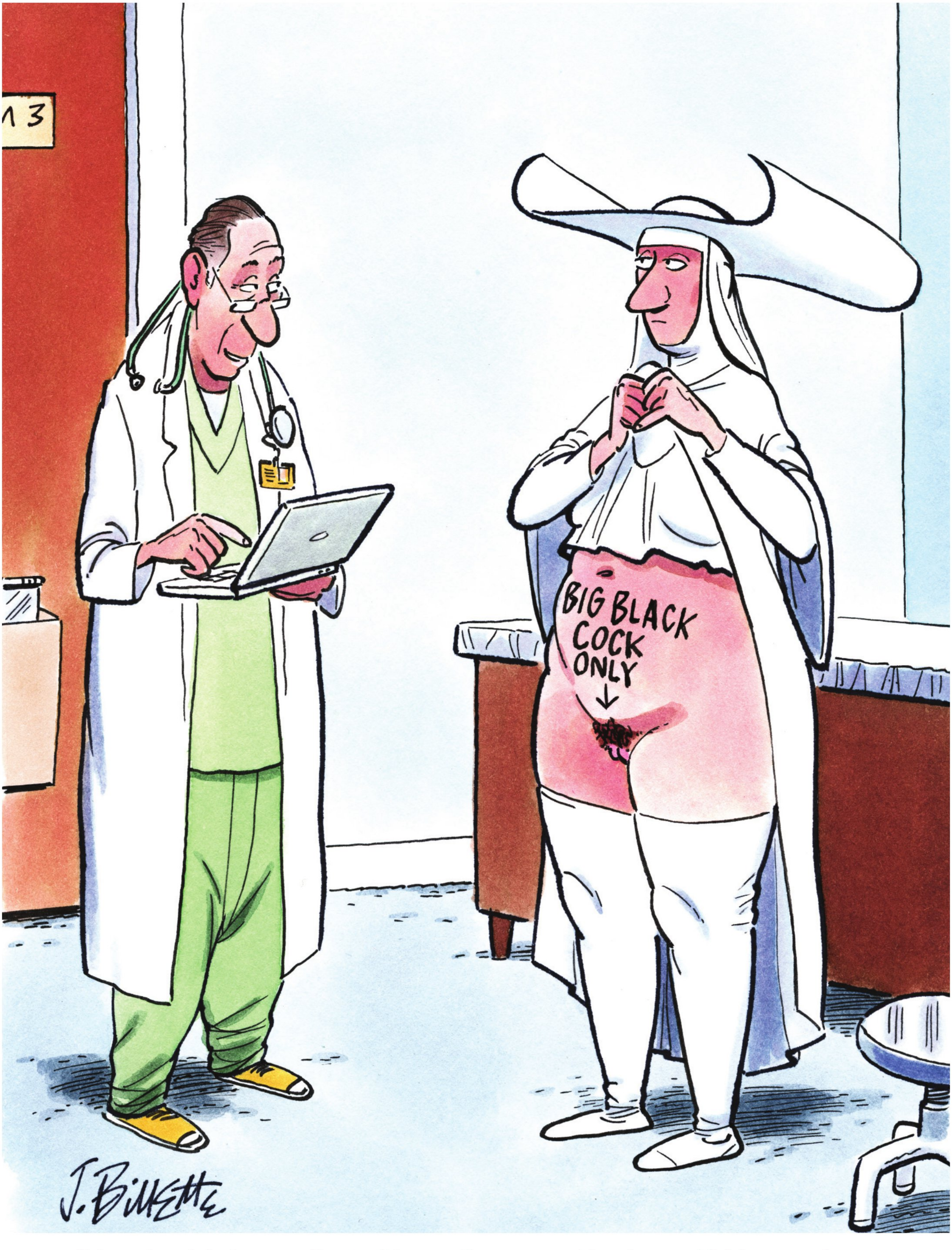
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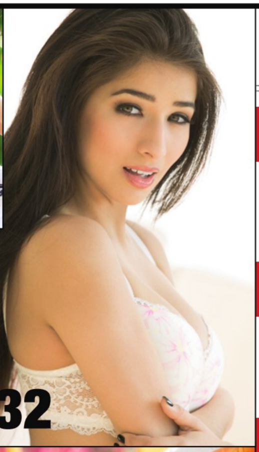


Hot
Fresh
Pizza
112

GIRLS

20 MADISON MORGAN
Worldly Girl
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

32 MEGAN SALINAS
Playing With Fire
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

46 CANDICE LUCA
Pretty in Pink
Photography by Matti Klatt

60 SOPHIA KNIGHT
Open to Anything
Photography by Matti Klatt

86 BOBBI STARR
Healing Powers
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

102 VANESSA CAGE
Vaginal Workout
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

112 ASIAN DEEP DISH ORGY
Feast your eyes on pizzeria poontang!
Photography Courtesy HUSTLER Video

130 MARIE
French Maiden
Classic Photography by James Baes

FEATURES

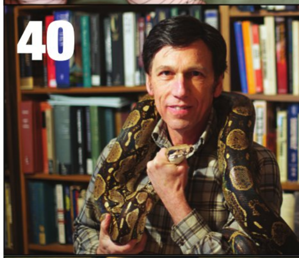
28 69 WAYS TO SPEND YOUR ANAL MONEY
Kristina Rose, the magical Latina who may have the best butt in the biz, shows how she blows her hard-earned *dinero.*
Article by Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue

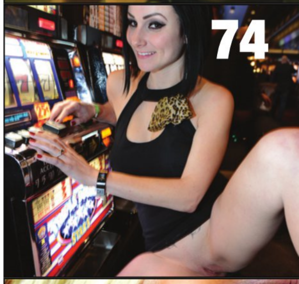
40 DON'T TREAD ON US
Snake-revering scholar Peter Kuznick, coauthor (with Oliver Stone) of the landmark book and TV series *The Untold History of the United States,* resuscitates the true America.
Interview by Lana Sias

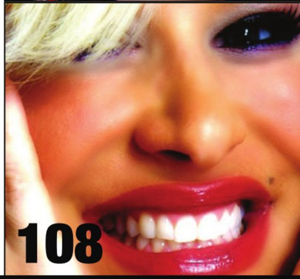
58 ROONEY VS. NOOMI
Both screen sirens played The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo, but which one has the more boner-inducing body of work?

74 SMUT FAIR CONFIDENTIAL
The AVN Expo brings out porn stars galore with clothes on. Buzz kill. So we coaxed a slew of sinema sluts to frolic naked away from all the Vegas glitter.
Photos by Nate "Igor" Smith

108 BOBBIE BROWN'S AMERICAN PIE
The babe in Warrant's "Cherry Pie" video chats about dating rock stars and going full circle as a reality-show cougar.
Interview by Keith Valcourt







STANDARDS

3 PARODY AD
State Farm's egregious agenda

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
The pathway is clear
by Larry Flynt

9 ROBERT SCHEER
Orwellian decision

11 NAT HENTOFF
Humanizing *all* of America's murder victims?

13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Teabagger Ted Cruz

14 BITS & PIECES
Colorful bodypainting contest in New Zealand; porn legends' book-signing; Jamie Chung fantasy BJ; our wildest party ever (thank womanizing Web kingpin Hunter Moore!) and other delights.

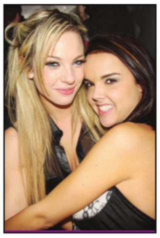
18 FEEDBACK
Awed readers bare their thoughts.

57 GIRLS OF TWITTER
Knockout networker Xena Kai

72 HUSTLER HUMOR
A gaggle of real gut-busters

80 HARDCORE SHOWCASE
Photo-drenched reviews of *Slumber Party Orgy*, skintillating *Black Heat,* sci-fi parody *This Ain't Terminator XXX* and sizzlin' *My Slutty Friends.*

94 BEAVER HUNT
Show-it-all amateurs Ocean, Mo'na, Jazzybelle, Sophia and Karma.



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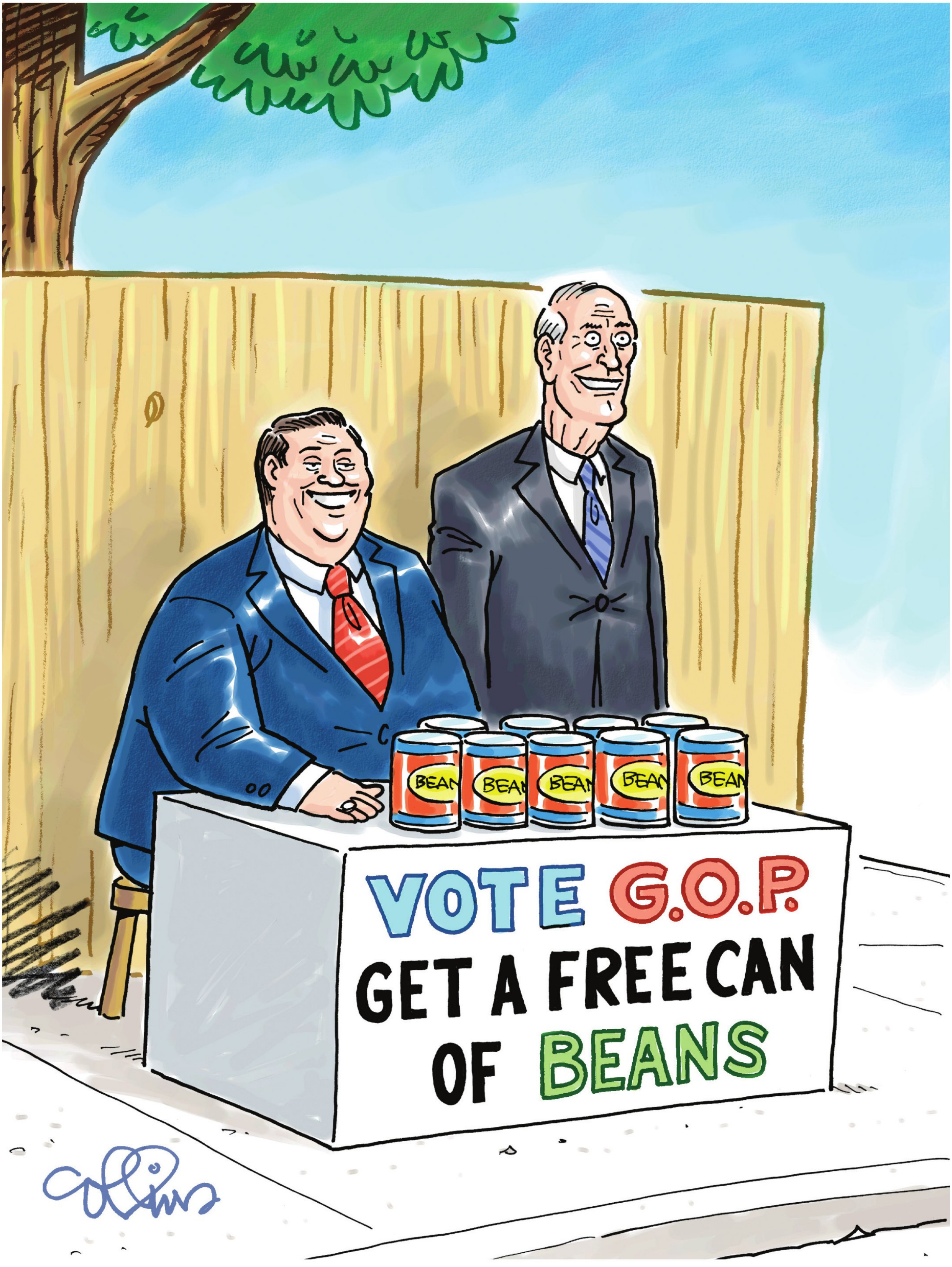
THE PATHWAY IS CLEAR

It's hard to believe, but even after having their asses handed to them in the last election, Republicans still haven't gotten the memo on the issue closest to the hearts of America's fastest-growing group of voters: immigration. With Tea Party extremists still throttling conservative common sense, it's time for President Obama and the Democrats to seize the issue and own it. A clear and just pathway to citizenship must be at the center of the push for immigration reform.

Progressive immigration policy is not only politically wise; it is just. Undocumented immigrants and their children contribute to our economy and have earned the rights of all Americans. A reform plan without citizenship would create a new Jim Crow reality: They'd have the right to live here—but only as second-class citizens. That would be wrong and completely at odds with American values.

This is a country of immigrants, and as long as it leads the world in freedom and opportunity, it always will be. It is also a rapidly changing society. The only way to ensure that our hard-won progress toward greater freedom and tolerance is embraced and carried forward by new citizens is to allow them to personally experience its benefits themselves.

Larry Flynt
Publisher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"This should fix it for us with the Hispanics."

ROBERT SCHEER

ORWELLIAN DECISION

THE HIGHEST COURT IN THE LAND SANCTIFIES SECRECY AND THE UNCHECKED INVASION OF OUR PRIVACY.

Why did we go so crazy after 9/11? The idea that somehow our freedoms could be easily sacrificed, including those that our Constitution declared most fundamental to the survival of our republic, became the norm.

This past February, more than a decade after attacks that would seem relatively minor in the histories of most war-torn nations, the so-called conservative majority of the U.S. Supreme Court—in cahoots with President Barack Obama—put the final nail in the coffin of one of the Constitution's most sacred protections: the right to the privacy of one's home and thoughts.

Enshrined in the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution, it was perhaps the most important right of all in the eyes of the founders of this nation. They had risked much as colonists in objecting to the warrantless intrusion into people's homes conducted by the king of England. That is why they guaranteed "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Surely, the right to be secure in one's person and papers would extend in the modern era to telephone conversations, as candidate Obama stated when he first ran for President and condemned the warrantless electronic surveillance of the Bush Administration. He specifically denounced Bush's exploitation of the 9/11 attacks as "an excuse for unchecked Presidential power. A tragedy that united us was turned into a political wedge issue used to divide us."

Obama specifically denounced Bush's use of warrantless wiretapping as "a false choice between the liberties we cherish and the security we demand." He promised that "I will provide our intelligence and law-enforcement agencies with the tools they need to track and take out the terrorists without undermining our Constitution and our freedom. That means no more illegal wiretapping of American citizens."

But Obama didn't mean it. The unconstitutional wiretapping initiated under Bush that ensnares the communications of millions of Americans has been defended even more energetically by his successor. The Obama Administration filed the critical brief affirming the constitutionality of the eavesdropping by the National Security Agency that Amnesty International and the ACLU had challenged before the Supreme Court.

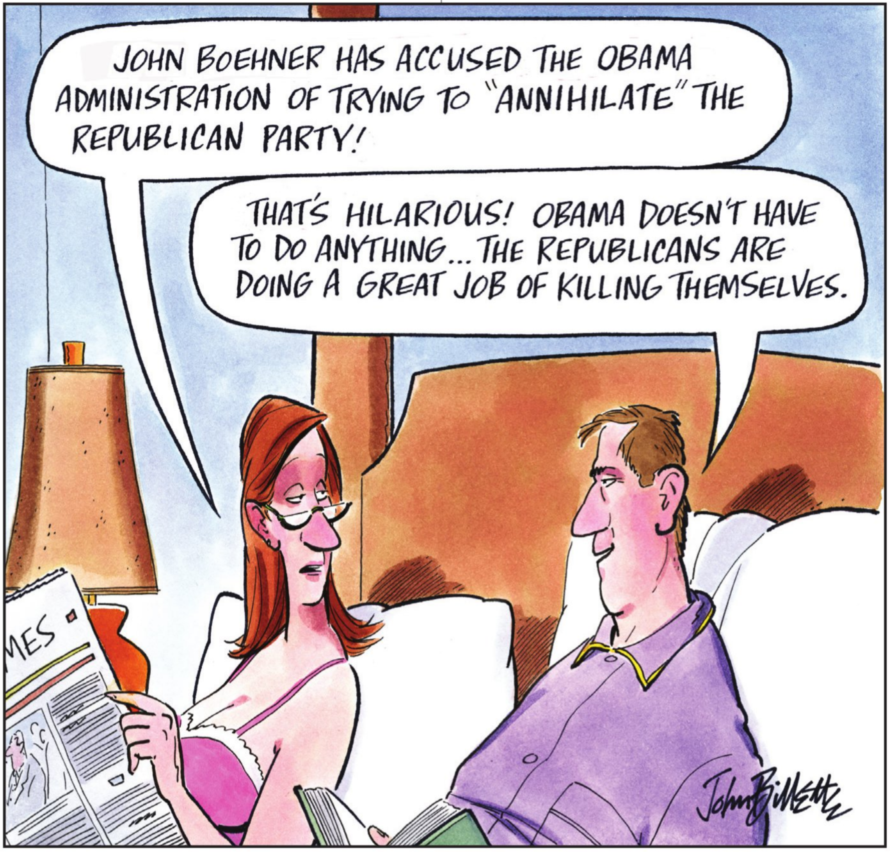
It was the reasoning of the Obama Justice Department that the court's right-wing majority embraced in slamming the door shut on protecting the basic privacy rights of Americans. In a 5-4 decision, the court held that the plaintiffs had no judicial standing to bring their challenge to the administration's policy because they couldn't prove they had been victimized by its wiretap procedures.

Of course they couldn't because the wiretapping procedures are so highly secret. But the Constitutional point, as former Constitutional law professor Obama well knows, is that the government has no more right to break into your phone conversations than it does to physically enter your home without a warrant. It is the warrant that serves notice to the victim that he or she may be being victimized.

Instead of honoring the sanctity of the right to privacy, Obama and the Supreme Court—as they've done with drone strikes and the rendition-torture program—substitute stealth for transparency to make official criminal behavior invisible. Prophetic writer George Orwell would have appreciated the Obama argument. Rejected by the court's pro-civil liberties minority, it insisted that since the NSA's surveillance operation is so highly secret, those who fear that the public is being victimized can't prove it. By that reasoning, any nefarious action of the government—say assassinations of its critics—could be deemed exempt from judicial challenge as long as the facts of the killing are concealed behind the veil of official secrecy.

The Supreme Court majority ruling spells the end of government accountability and with it the end of the Bill of Rights protection of individual freedom. That is the template of the post-9/11 America into which this country has morphed.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


JOHN BOEHNER HAS ACCUSED THE OBAMA ADMINISTRATION OF TRYING TO "ANNIHILATE" THE REPUBLICAN PARTY!
THAT'S HILARIOUS! OBAMA DOESN'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING... THE REPUBLICANS ARE DOING A GREAT JOB OF KILLING THEMSELVES.
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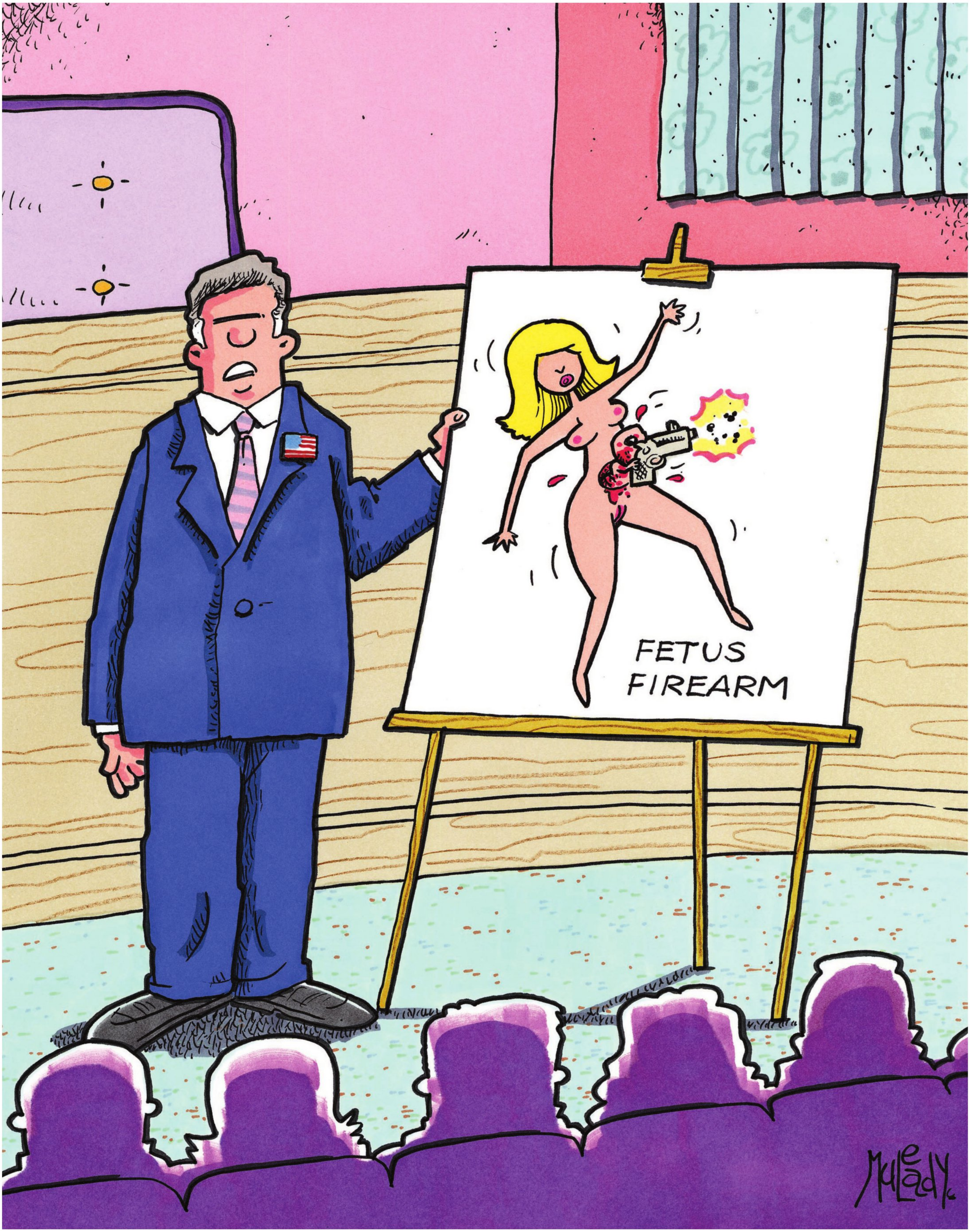
John Billette


FETUS
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"I'm introducing legislation that will provide a firearm for every just-conceived fetus to protect itself from a godless pinko, liberal mommy who tries to get an abortion."

HUMANIZING *ALL* OF AMERICA'S MURDER VICTIMS?

IN THE WAKE OF THE NEWTOWN MASSACRE, A JOURNALISM ORG SEEKS TO NAME EACH CIVILIAN KILLED BY U.S. DRONES.

Dorothy Day, founder of the Catholic Worker Movement, was a nonviolent, direct-action enabler of social justice whom I was privileged to know. In New York City she organized the first civil-disobedience protest against U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War, and I was there protesting.

Carrying on the late activist's unflinching spirit is the Los Angeles Catholic Worker, which publishes the *Catholic Agitator.* The publication's February 2013 edition featured a thought-provoking article titled "Guns and Drones," in which author Theo Kayser took a stand I have not seen in all the coverage of a gunman's rampage at Newtown, Connecticut's Sandy Hook Elementary School.

He framed his argument with a report, which I have cited elsewhere, from the London-based Bureau of Investigative Journalism. Its records disclose "at least 176 children killed in drone strikes carried out in Pakistan, with another 27 to 35 killed in Yemen, and hundreds more adult civilian casualties."

Turning to the murdered children in Connecticut, Kayser noted that "a new emphasis has been placed on gun control and background checks in this country." So "perhaps we would be forced into a serious debate as to the morality and legality of this country's military practices if photos of every person killed by a Hellfire missile were broadcast for a week in the national media after their death."

And dig this, one and all: "Maybe," Kayser continued, "we could begin to feel the same sense of outrage at the deaths of Pakistani children if, as with the children in Newtown, we were told about their favorite sports teams or their artistic prowess. And maybe we would demand an end to their killing if we were so reminded of their full humanity.

"When those doing the killing see only figures on a screen, how much more removed are we who hear only whispers of such murders in the media?"

By contrast, in this nation, Kayser reminded us, "repeatedly you heard about the 20 children and six adults killed in Newtown, Connecticut, on December 14, 2012. You saw the names of those killed, and you heard their stories. You were told of the quality of their character, and you were informed of when their funerals took place."

Therefore, many Americans agreed "it was a tragedy that so many lives were prematurely lost and so, millions of [us] grieved."

However, even those who might be disturbed to learn more about the kids blown away in Pakistan and elsewhere would likely not object if the festering details were never publicized. I have what may well be unpleasant news for them: The Bureau of Investigative Journalism (TBIJ) recently announced that it is "launching an ambitious new investigation which will seek to identify as many as possible of those killed in U.S. covert drone strikes in Pakistan, whether civilian or militant."

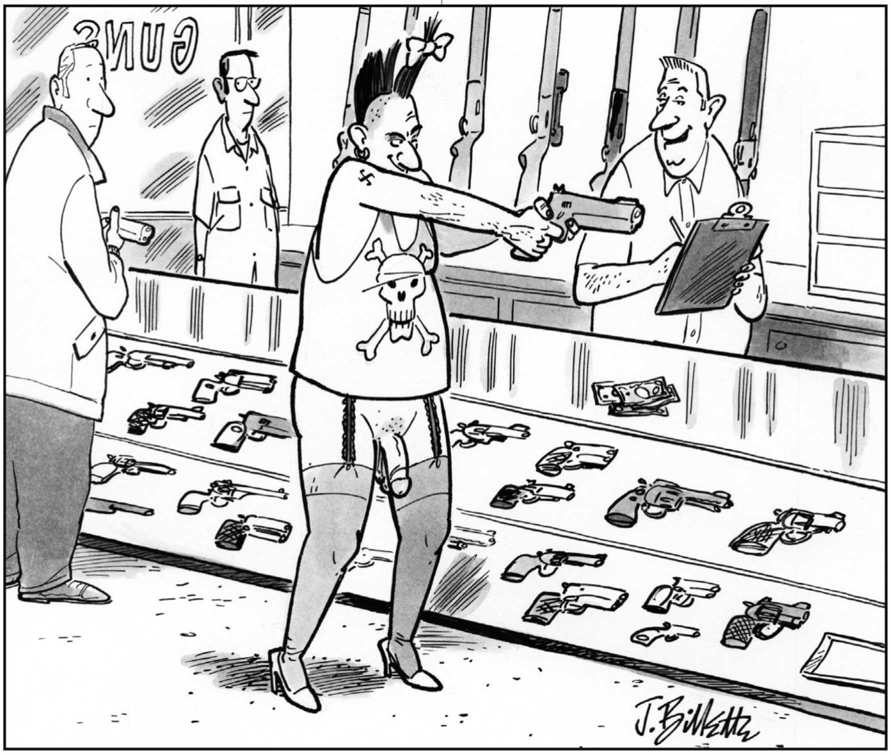
Meanwhile, TBIJ reported that it "has already recorded the names of hundreds of people killed in Pakistan, Yemen and Somalia. At the end of January 2013 the Bureau was able to identify by name 213 people killed by drones in Pakistan who were reported to be middle- or senior-ranking militants. A further 331 civilians have also now been named, *87 of them children*." [Emphasis added.]

TBIJ acknowledges that "part of the justification for the U.S. carrying out drone strikes without consent [of host governments] is their reported success. And naming those militants killed is key to that process. Al-Qaeda bomber Fahd al-Quso's death was widely celebrated. Yet how many [American] newspapers also registered the death of Mohamed Saleh Al-Suna, a civilian caught up and killed in a U.S. strike in Yemen on March 30, 2012? By showing only one side of the coin, we risk presenting a distorted picture of this new form of warfare. There is an obligation to identify all of those killed—not just the bad guys."

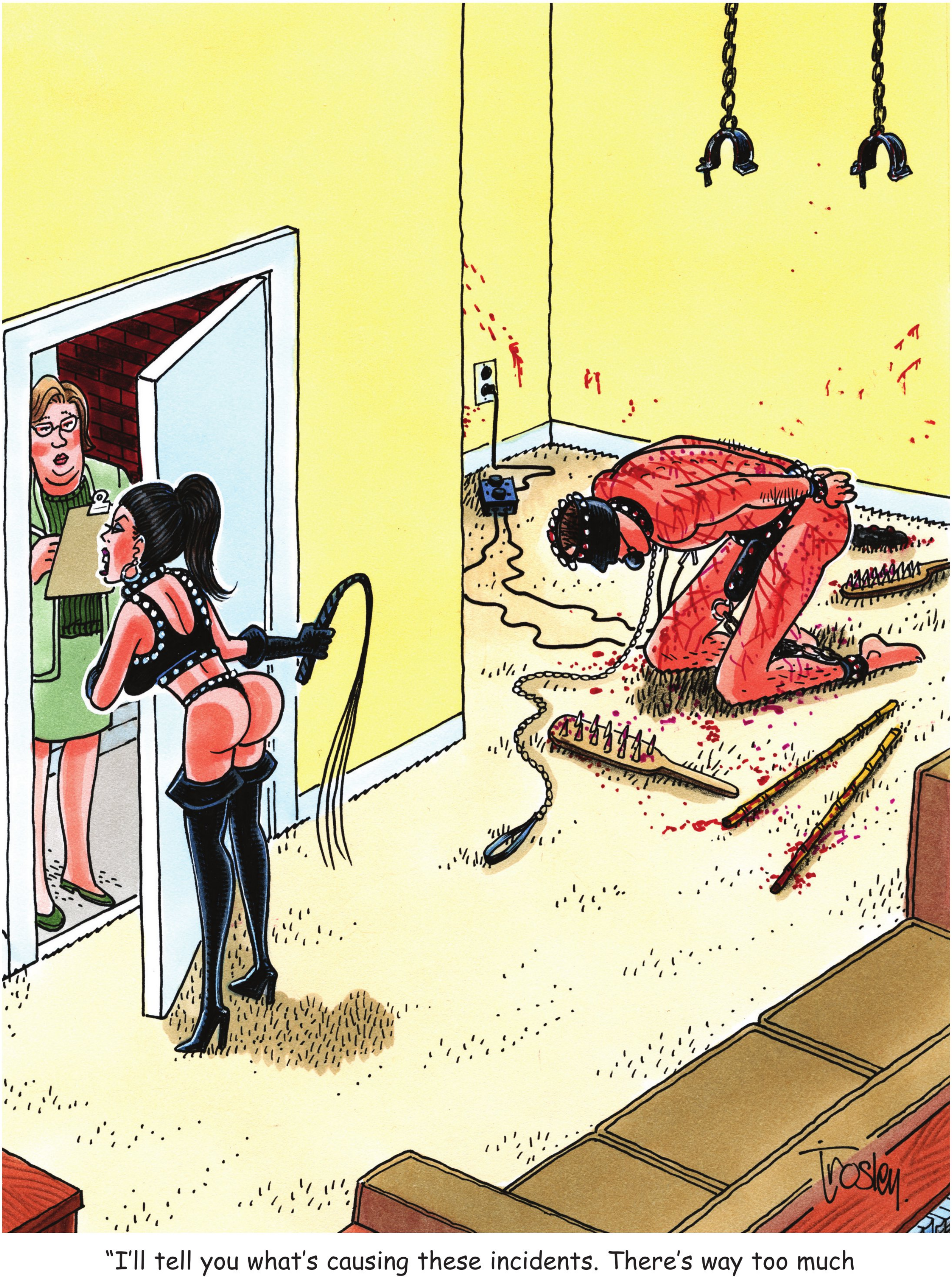
As the Obama Administration zealously maintains its drone strikes in far-off lands, The Bureau of Investigative Journalism is actively seeking additional funding for its Naming the Dead Project. So I was pleased to learn that the Freedom of the Press Foundation is now a key backer.

You are invited to join the debate at TBIJ's website, **TheBureauInvestigates.com**, and **Twitter.com/TBIJ**. **H**

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a contributor to the *Washington Post.* His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"This won't hinder your purchase, sir, but I have to ask. Have you ever been treated for any form of mental illness? Just say no."



"I'll tell you what's causing these incidents. There's way too much violence on TV and in movies."

TED CRUZ

In the proud tradition of our very own Graffilthy, let's kick off this crapfest with a verse cribbed from a shithouse stall: "Here I sit, my buns a flexin'. Just gave birth to another Texan!" The Lone Star Stater this time is the Tea Party pile we like to call Turd Cruz.

Now brace yourselves for a shock: We're actually going to give crusty ol' loser John McCain some props for nailing Cruz and his fellow Tea Party thugs Rand Paul and Justin Amash in a TV interview as "wacko birds." That's the great thing about dementia: Sometimes it lets the truth come out. What McCain should have added is that Cruz is a wacko by design—a cold, calculating opportunist spoonfeeding fanatical dogma to the GOP's hardline fringe.

Just about everything about this guy is a lie. He likes to play the good ol' boy gone up to War-shin-tin to kick some ass around, but Texas is only where he got his Ph.D. in douchebaggery. Like droolin' Dubya Bush, Cruz is actually an Ivy League one-percenter. Born in Canada, he was groomed for power at Princeton and Harvard. He honed his forked tongue as a college debater, learning to say anything—even outright falsifications—to win no matter which side he was on.

Logically, Cruz was drawn to the lawyer profession like a blowfly to roadkill. He was one of the legal goons Bush sent to Florida during the 2000 recount fiasco that led to the worst American presidency of all time. For that reason alone, Cruz should be considered for Asshole of the Decade. Sidenote: Cruz's wife, Heidi, is a Goldman Sachs banker. So much for Cruz's outsider myth.

During his legal career, Turd specialized in defending morally reprehensible causes: He made sure Texas could execute foreign nationals who weren't even allowed to contact their consulate before being charged with capital crimes. He defended cutthroat companies that had no qualms about ripping off patented inventions and firing whistleblowers. Through it all, he never tired of spouting about the land of opportunity and success at all costs being what "freedom" is all about.

But, despite Cruz's being the son of a Cuban immigrant, his idea of freedom and opportunity doesn't include the Dream Act, which would give immigrant children a path to citizenship. Cruz is against it. Maybe he wants immigrants to prove they can be as heartless a dreamcrusher as he is before they be allowed to share his twisted idea of the American Dream. Need we even mention that Cruz, like most residents of the distant past, is scared stiff of gays, to the point of hating on gay-pride paraders? Maybe Heidi should speculate on what that obsession might mean.

Hitching his wagon to the brain-dead Tea Party because who the fuck else would want him, Cruz is a nasty cocktail of hard-right fanaticism and utter lack of charm that's turning into a huge gift for the Democrats. They're quickly realizing that all they have to do is give this throwback enough rope to hang himself with.

Apparently blanking on how badly Romney shot himself in the foot with his propaganda that "47%" of the population is "dependent on government" and "believe they are victims," Cruz resurrected his own party's worst nightmare—months after the election—by equating the 47% of people who pay no federal income tax with the much smaller number who actually get government checks.

Cruz even elaborated—something a shitty liar should never try to do—by implying that his "dependent" group was all single moms, blacks and Hispanics. At this point, only Tea Partiers holding racist, misspelled signs still swallow that crap. You gotta feel for the GOP functionaries trying to put the wheels back on their party. In marketing speak, Cruz is an epic rebranding fail.

There may well be a genetic component to Cruz's anti-intellectual fervor. His dad went from being a bomb-thrower for Cuba's Communist icon Fidel Castro to rampant pro-capitalist entrepreneur to fire-and-brimstone preacher. Turd obviously inherited Pop's fanatical fundamentalist DNA. Maybe that's why he keeps fighting yesterday's battles. He can't let go of the "47%" dogma; he still harps on about repealing "Obamacare," which even most Obama haters know ain't gonna happen; and extols just about every one of his obstructionist antics as "a stand for principle."

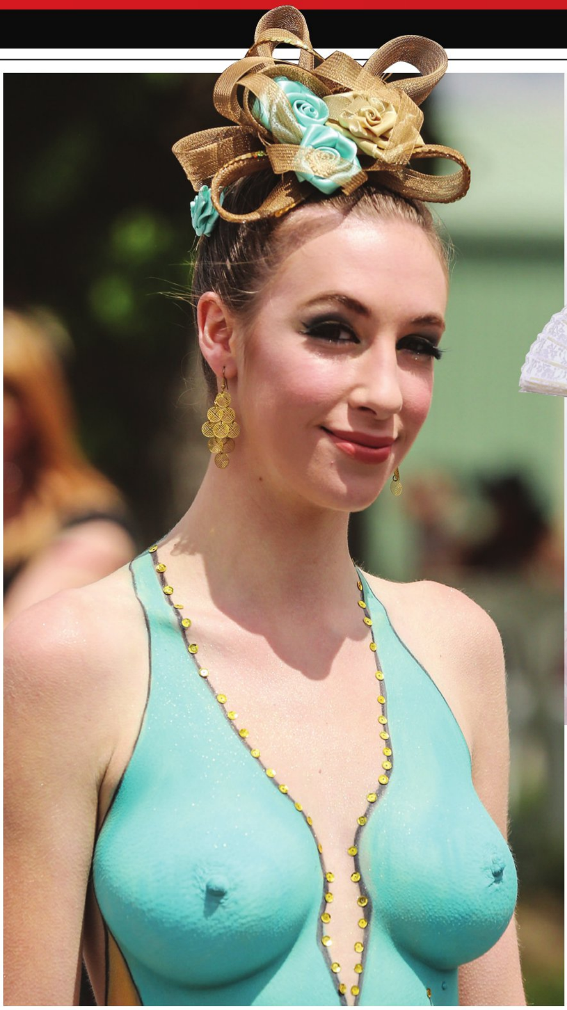
Cruz's most nauseating spectacle may have been his public humiliation of secretary of Defense nominee Chuck Hagel. If you want to go back in time, watch the YouTube video. It's vintage Joe McCarthy, the bully who led the Red Scare witch-hunt of the '50s that made a mockery of American freedom. Cruz's baseless suggestion that Hagel took payoffs from North Korea has become a classic in the annals of WTF politics.

Freshman Senator Cruz's self-righteousness has already made him one of the most hated members among fellow lawmakers. During a debate about guns, he flashed back to his schoolboy days as an amateur Constitutional debater and smugly lectured longtime senators on the Bill of Rights according to his absolutist interpretation. Senator Dianne Feinstein shot back, "I'm not a sixth-grader."

Like McCarthy, Cruz is more than a hypocrite and a dangerous ideologue. He's the kind of regressive roadblock that takes two steps back every time our country takes one step forward. He just doesn't get today's America. And he doesn't get that the Constitution is a living document, not a dead Bible.

"2014 has the potential to be a very, very good year at the ballot box," the oblivious Turd recently told a gaggle of archconservatives. "The number-one way we can screw it up is if Republicans fail to stand on principle."

Our appeal to the Republican Party is this: Please listen to Turd Cruz and choose him as your Presidential candidate for 2016, eligible or not. We can't wait to see Hillary Clinton have wacko bird for breakfast. H



COLORFUL CANS

These alluring photos were snapped during a “body art” fashion contest in Christchurch, New Zealand. Some entrants went for an elegant, high-brow look, while others embraced their inner weirdness. We dig this new bodypainting trend among semi-nude hot chicks, and we totally respect their artistic choices. The only downside is all that damn paint. It gets in the way of the boobs. Know what we’re sayin’?

PHOTOS BY GETTY IMAGES

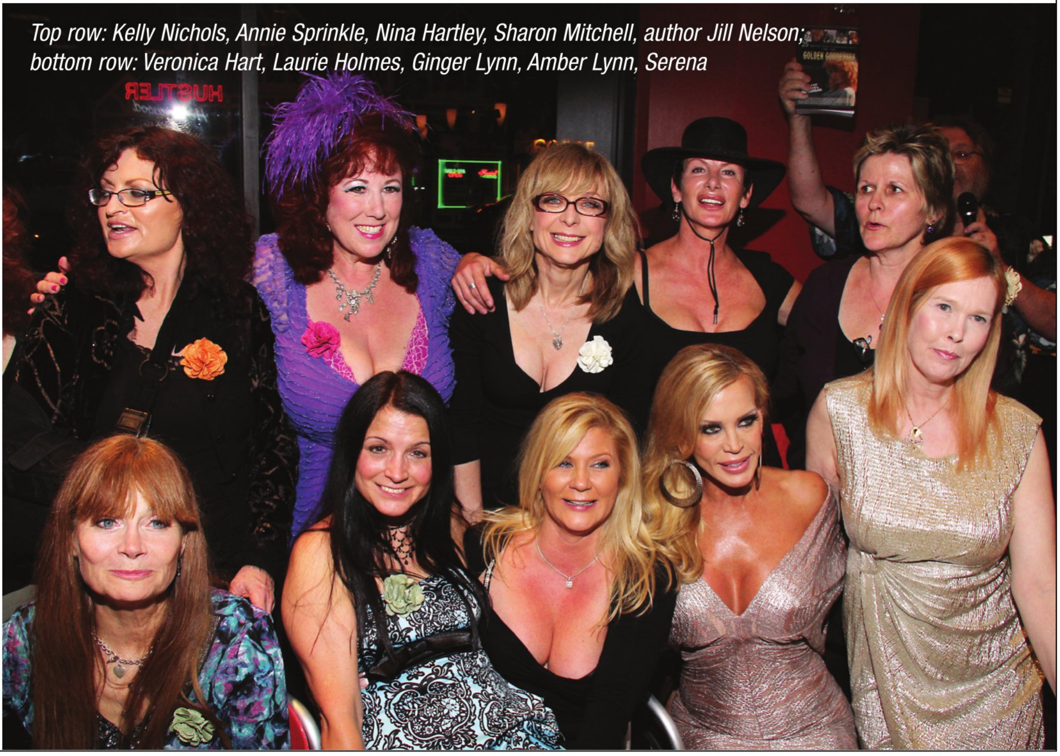
“Things you never hear: Please stop sucking my dick or I’ll call the police!” —GEORGE CARLIN, COMEDIAN

LEGENDARY LAYS

Jill Nelson’s book *Golden Goddesses: 25 Legendary Women of Classic Erotic Cinema* is a great gift for nostalgic poonhounds who lived through the glory days of porn and young people curious about what their parents and grandparents used as masturbation fodder. A bevy of the performers featured in *Golden Goddesses* recently gathered for a book-signing event, resulting in the awesome group photo seen here. Together, these women have handled more cocks than the nation’s top urologists.

Jill C. Nelson
25 legendary women of classic erotic cinema 1968 - 1985
GOLDEN GODDESSES
with over 300 photos, & film highlights
Foreword by Jennifer Sugar

Golden Goddesses can be purchased at **BearManorMedia.com** and all major online retailers.



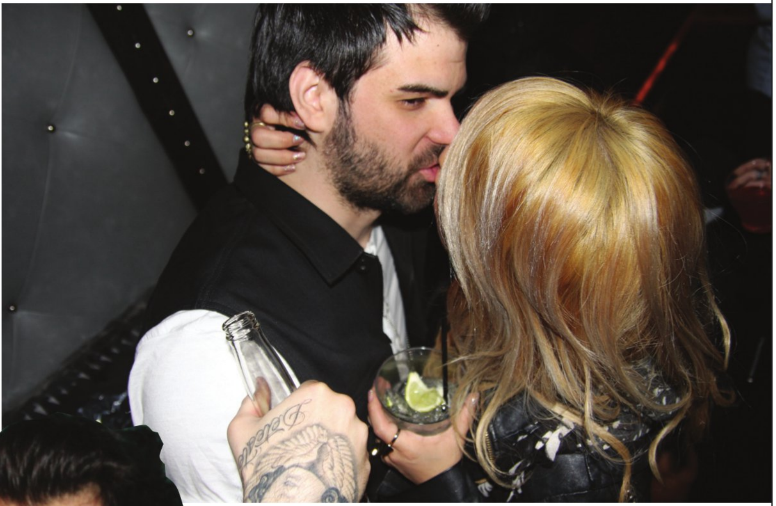
Top row: Kelly Nichols, Annie Sprinkle, Nina Hartley, Sharon Mitchell, author Jill Nelson; bottom row: Veronica Hart, Laurie Holmes, Ginger Lynn, Amber Lynn, Serena

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

HUNTER GETS HUSTLED!

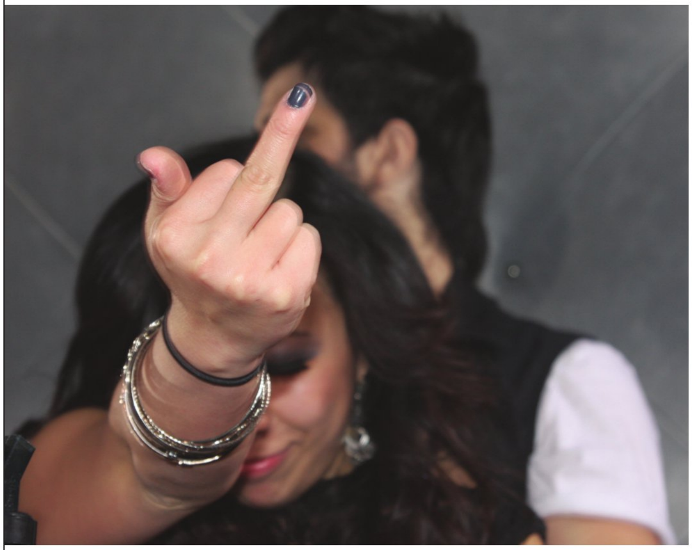
A swarm of barely legals descended upon Hollywood to celebrate the release of HUSTLER's March 2013 issue at The Blok with notorious revenge-porn kingpin Hunter Moore. Eager chicks flashed their tits, spread their legs and clawed their way into Moore's heart—and pants—as "The Most Hated Man on the Internet" downed bottles of vodka in honor of our no-holds-barred interview. HUSTLER models Natalia Starr, Dillion Harper, Bailey Blue and Teal Conrad added heat to the fame-whore insanity. Several vaginas may have been destroyed during the making of this event—we were too shit-faced to remember.

Bailey Blue and Dillion Harper



Hunter with Dillion Harper, hot friend and HUSTLER babe Teal Conrad (May '13)

"I like the girls with the boom; I once got busy in a Burger King bathroom." —***DIGITAL UNDERGROUND, OLD-SCHOOL RAPPERS***



Steamy Stories

My wife and I were pleased with our April '13 issue. As usual, all the women were beautiful, but Aja' ChaChanhsy [*Beaver Hunt*] stole the show. Talk about a wet dream come true! As soon as we saw her, we began talking about all the things we would love to do to her. Give her a layout!

My wife and I were also wondering whatever happened to the erotic-story section. It was her very favorite. If it is lack of readers sending in real experiences, we would be glad to share some of ours.

—Joshua Paxton
Gallup, New Mexico

Thanks, Joshua. Look for Aja' in a future issues of HUSTLER. As for our former *Hot Letters* section, we figured seeing more pictures of hot chicks fucking is much better than reading about it.

Asshole Exposed

I just bought the April '13 issue of HUSTLER. Once again you didn't disappoint. What I found of particular interest was the Asshole of the Month, Greg Gutfeld. An ugly, little, annoying midget, Gutfeld epitomizes what it means to be an asshole, with all the bullshit that comes out of his gutter mouth. However, the one thing I take issue with is the description of the midget man as being a "libertarian." He isn't.

Like other major assholes—Mancow, Glenn Beck and Tucker Carlson, for whom the "libertarian" label is used as a cover—Gutfeld is merely a Republican shill. If shorty were a true libertarian, he would expose the flaws of *both* parties in Washington. True libertarian philosophy is cynical and skeptical of Democrats *and* Republicans. This is the function of an unbiased, independent third party.

Of course, at the "fair and balanced" Faux News, sane, rational, unbiased reporting doesn't exist. Gutfeld reasons that because disgusting fat fuck Roger Ailes [Fox News president] pays him millions to be a dick, his opinions are valid. Well, fuck Fox News and long live Larry Flynt and HUSTLER!

—John Smith
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Nash-ville

I have been an avid reader of HUSTLER for years. This is the first time I felt compelled to comment on a pictorial. Kennedy Nash [*Nature Freak*] in the April '13 issue is beautiful. Sweet-lookin' pussy and ass, nice tits and killer eyes. We need more of her. Thank you.

—Mark Gurry
Kunkletown, Pennsylvania

April Showers

The April '13 issue was amazing. The staff, writers and photographers always give us the very best. Alexis Adams [*Right on Top*], Jade Couture [*Unjaded & Unclothed*], Kennedy Nash, Alaina Fox [*Open Legs, Open Mind*] and Mia Lina [*Wazzup, Doc?*] all looked so fucking hot. The two Porn Girls of Twitter [Sarah Jessie and Jen Capone] drove me crazy. The article on marijuana [*Why Weed Will Win!*] and the loving story of a true sweetheart [*Bozo's Bimbo: Hollie Stevens, R.I.P.*] showed me what bravery and determination really mean. God bless Hollie!

My favorite part of HUSTLER (as always), *Beaver Hunt*, was perfect. Ami from Connecticut has always been a fantasy since I first saw her in a previous issue [Holiday '11] and *Best of Beaver Hunt* . Thank you, HUSTLER, for another fantastic issue. You're the greatest!

—Shawn Connelly
Kansas City, Missouri

We opened a load of letters lionizing April '13 centerfold Alaina Fox.

I was amazed by the beauty of the April '13 issue. Every pictorial was hot and very gorgeous (Alexis Adams, Kennedy Nash and Alaina Fox). Loved everything. Thank you so much.

—Nathan Damon
Mill City, Oregon

Back for More?

Lane Elizabeth [January '13 *Beaver Hunt*, April '13 *Feedback*] is layout material. She is very special! Hope to see her again in HUSTLER soon.

—Frank Roberts
Rockville, Maryland

Bushwhacker

The April '13 edition is hard to put down what with the lovely fuzz presented. Alaina Fox is a 12, with nice kissable and chewable lips (both pairs). I could kiss and lick them for hours. Such a neatly trimmed and puffy pussy. Great body and breasts (with just a slight shade of pink) and nice legs all to go with a beautiful face. How can we see more of her? This issue will stay at the top of the collection. Love the fuzz. Keep it coming.

—Omar Feeler
St. Louis, Missouri

Turning Tables

I really appreciate the columns by Nat Hentoff and Robert Scheer. Your *Asshole of the Month* column is always exceptional. I am reminded of what Woody Harrelson said about Larry Flynt when he visited prior to his role in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. He remarked that he thought Larry was just a pervert, but then he sat and talked with him and ended up discussing a lot of really important things.

—Rocco Roberts
Huron, South Dakota

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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WORLDLY GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

MADISON MORGAN

Madison Morgan looks sweet and innocent, but the secret behind her stage name reveals that this babe has some morbid preoccupations. "I chose *Madison* at random, but the *Morgan* part is a tribute to my favorite television character—Dexter Morgan," she explains. (For the uninitiated, *Dexter* is a long-running cable show about a serial killer.)

Even though **Madison** isn't afraid to explore the dark side of human nature, she has a lighter side too: "I'd like to fuck in an amusement park. That seems like it'd be incredible and adventurous. I'm really interested in doing it in a public place. I wonder if I'll ever get the nerve!"

In the meantime, **Madison** likes dancing to popular music (Wiz Khalifa, Nicki Minaj, Rihanna) and traveling. She thoroughly enjoyed a recent trip to Belize and hopes to make it to Jolly Old England next. "I want to see the world," the Southern Californian proclaims. "It's so cool to see how life is just a little different everywhere you go."

MADISON'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Newport Beach, California | AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 124

69
“The fight is won or lost far away from witnesses - behind the lines, in the gym, and out there on the road, long before i dance under those lights.”
ALI

WAYS TO SPEND YOUR ANAL MONEY

BY ORIANA SMALL AKA ASHLEY BLUE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GIA JORDAN

TIMES ARE HARD IN THE USA. CAREER FORNICATOR KRISTINA ROSE, WHO MAY JUST POSSESS THE BEST BUTT IN THE BIZ, SHOWS YOU HOW TO GET THE MOST BANG FOR YOUR BUCK.

What flavor would Kristina Rose be if she were ice cream? It's a trick question because she would be her own flavor. And it wouldn't be ice cream. It would just be a fun sensation in your mouth that gets you high.

She lives in a multi-level lair resembling the layers of a Neapolitan wafer cookie. One day, Kristina will buy her dream gingerbread house with sunken rooms. But until she's ready to settle down, this L.A. bachelorette pad is an ample container for her vast collections. Gnomes preside throughout but don't dominate her space. Kristina is a keen decorator and incredibly organized. Her taste displays intellect and a sense of humor. But don't assume there's a stripper pole in the living room, because she's no lifestyler!

Keeping her treasure cataloged is the only way she would not succumb to hoarding. All the porn and props are neatly stuffed in pink containers on the layer of her loft specifically designated.

Every day there's a new pile of stuff from her own adoring Twitter fans, who she's given the endearing title of Kristina's Kreeperz. Ever since the insertion of the Amazon Wishlist, her blessed life has been engorged with an abundance of cherished gifts from the Kreepz. Whether it's a bedazzled bong, more gnomes, a homemade porn DVD, a horse-cock dildo or a pair of Alexander McQueen sneakers. Kreeperz are keepers.

With KR, there's no fake persona. She really is the girl you can just fucking hang out and eat cheap food with. Bragging about being fancy is a typical porno-girl activity that she does not participate in.

"Don't even get me started! Bitch, please! You're on Eros.com for like $900 an hour. You're not balling like that. I'm going to be making a video soon, a parody spoof on that."

While putting on her makeup to go out on our daytime adventure, she gets serious on the topic of the porn industry's current health ordeals: "The syphilis thing has pissed me off to no end. The HIV outbreak in 2011 caused me to change my shooting style. As it stands now, I'm not doing boy/girl. I'll be a slut on my own time. People want to shut our industry down, shutting down AIM, the one secure testing route we all went through. All of a sudden this shit is all fucked up. It's all political. Someone wants to be in control, and someone wants to be right."

Kristina's feature-dancing performances have become outlets for her creativity. Ask anyone at San Francisco's Crazy Horse who witnessed her "Untraditional Mexican Donkey Show." >>

KRISTINA'S RECIPE FOR **GHETTO SANGRIA**

- 1 BOTTLE OF KORBEL
- 1 BOTTLE OF WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE
- 1 McDONALD'S CUP

HOUSEHOLD TIP FROM **KRISTINA ROSE:** CLEANING YOUR **BONG**

Get rubbing alcohol and salt, put it in your bong and shake it up. You can do it with your pipes too. Just use a sandwich bag, put the alcohol and salt in there with the pipes and shake it up. This method will get all the gunk off, and it's better than bong cleaner. And it's cheaper! You can go to any dollar store and get these things. That will help a lot of porn girls who spend their money on dumb shit. The industry is dying, so we've got to start looking out for ourselves.

She fucked the horse-cock dildo to Ike and Tina's "Proud Mary," earning her a standing ovation from everyone in the house.

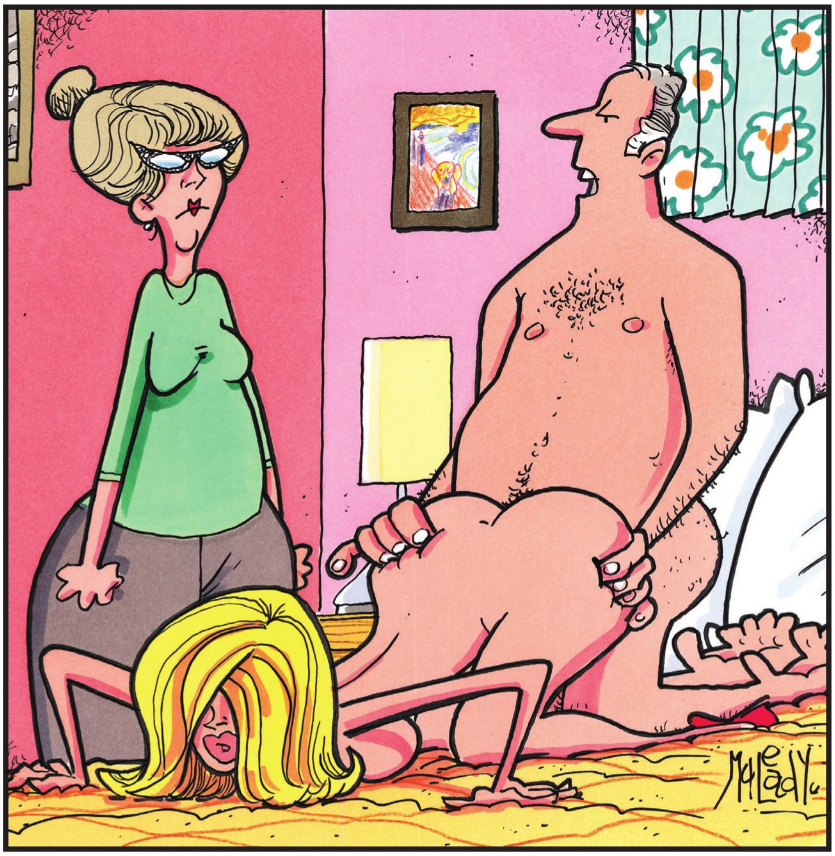
Besides stripping and starring in porn movies, she's also recently done collaboration projects with streetwear guys. They put her on the boys' shirts, modeling for HUF (a clothing company started by pro-skater Keith Hufnagel), and another T-shirt for a newer company called Deadline. She also writes on her insightful and hilarious blog at **TheRealKristinaRose.blogspot.com**. There's no limit to what she's capable of. She shines in every new endeavor.

We are about to embark on a mission to spread some of this cascading enchantment that is Kristina Rose. She puts on a pink fluffy skirt, ruffle panties and high-top sneakers, and we dash off to Sunset Boulevard. The entire outfit consists of presents from her Kreeperz. You see, the fans of porn have been so generous and kind to Kristina that her heart is yearning to give some love back to the public, a whore with a heart of gold.

Sharing Kristina's enchanted world for a day has residual effect on the environment. Everyone benefits in this impromptu act of giving. The Hollywood dollar store is the key to finding massive loads of eclectic and bizarre tokens of affection. She floats down the aisle, wearing a tiara and wielding a flashlight wand that could do some deep anal probing in a Jay Sin movie. The cart fills up with loot, cash is tendered, and we're back out on the streets of Hollywood.

"I feel like an urban pixie right now." Kristina is a magical kind of girl that makes you feel like wishes are real, can and will be granted. She's got the positive mental attitude. Her motto is "Have fun until you die."

It's a blazing, electric summer afternoon in L.A. Where else would make more sense than to be with tourists looking for celebrities and souvenirs? This is the land of dreams! Kristina Rose spreads those personal, hand-selected gifts on the sidewalk and lets the fans choose which keepsakes they would like to take with them. Merry Kristmas. H



"This isn't a mid-life crisis. This is knowingly banging a hot, young babe because my wife is an old, sexless bitch!"

PLAYING WITH FIRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

MEGAN SALINAS

While **Megan Salinas** can't escape her geographical heritage, she doesn't exactly miss the Lone Star State. "I would never go back to South Texas," she says. "They call where I grew up The Valley, and there's some nice scenery and stuff. But, damn, there's not a lot to do."

Instead of watching tumbleweeds scooting down Main Street, California convert **Megan** spends her leisure time dancing at nightclubs, writing music and religiously following the L.A. Lakers. "Sometimes it's nice to just sit on the beach and look at the stars," she adds.

As far as dudes go, **Megan**'s into tall, fit guys with good hygiene. "Even better is a man like that in uniform," she reveals. "Sometimes I fantasize about being rescued from a burning house by a burly firefighter. Maybe there would be just enough time for him to ravish me on the floor before the walls fell in."

Please be careful, **Megan**. Scorching-hot babes shouldn't play with fire.

MEGAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Edinburg, Texas | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-2 ½ | WEIGHT: 103

PHOTOS BY MARK MAKELA

DON'T TREAD ON US

A DIALOGUE WITH PETER KUZNICK

BY LANA SIAS

The Oliver Stone collaborator and coauthor of the landmark book and Showtime series *The Untold History of the United States* delivers straight talk about the middle class, Barack Obama, the state of American progressivism—and snakes.

A proud member of our country's liberal establishment, Peter Kuznick has been a civil-rights activist since the age of 12. He most recently made his mark on the popular consciousness as Associate Professor of History at American University and through his book and TV collaborations with Oliver Stone.

Kuznick met Stone in 1996. While teaching a class called "Oliver Stone's America," the professor had been bringing in key figures from events in the director's movies: Daniel Ellsberg, Bob Woodward, Robert McNamara, labor leaders, Vietnam vets and others. Stone heard about it and showed up one day. They went to dinner and started up a partnership.

PETER KUZNICK: We began our friendship that way and stayed good friends ever since. I wrote a screenplay for him. I would say it's a *great* screenplay. It's about the Cold War and Henry Wallace vs. Harry Truman.

Wallace is the hero of your book: a bona fide progressive, socialist Vice President under Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Henry Wallace was as left-wing a top elected official as we've ever had in this country. As secretary of Agriculture, he led a turnaround in American agricultural production in the 1930s during the Depression. He was an outspoken antifascist and antiracist. He could see life through the eyes of other people; he had that kind of empathy. And still, Wallace was a very successful capitalist.

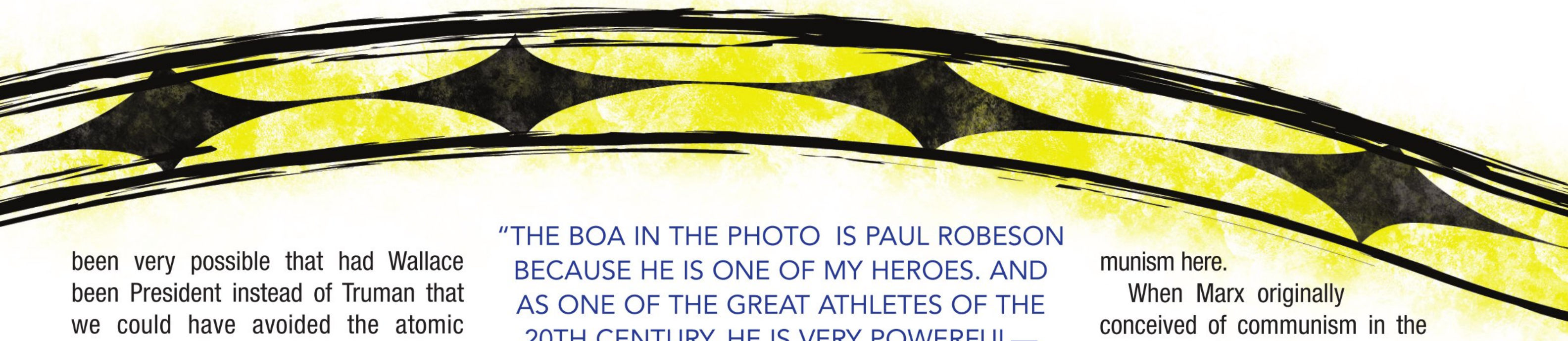
When Roosevelt decided to run for a third term in 1940, he knew we were getting close to a war against fascism and wanted a real progressive on the ticket. He fought for Wallace even though the party bosses resisted. Wallace said the 20th century must be the century of the common man. He called for ending colonialism, imperialism, monopolies and cartels, and feeding the world, raising the standard of living. He said America's fascists are those people that think Wall Street comes first and the country second. By 1944 the [party bosses] knew [the ailing] Roosevelt was not going to last another term, and whoever got on the ticket as Vice President would become the next President of the United States.

Wallace was shafted by his own party, the Democrats, because he wanted too much for the people—not much different than what we see today. In your rediscovery of Wallace, you have restored a key American figure to the historical record. >>

"WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO IS TO SAVE AMERICA FROM ITS DARK SIDE BY ILLUMINATING THE WAYS THE UNITED STATES HAS NOT LIVED UP TO ITS IDEALS. WE HOPE TO REDIRECT POLICY SO THAT THE UNITED STATES *CAN* LIVE UP TO ITS SENSE OF SELF."

THE DIFFERENCE WALLACE COULD HAVE MADE

The United States was a much more progressive country at that point. It would have been very possible that had Wallace been President instead of Truman that we could have avoided the atomic bombings, the nuclear-arms race and possibly the Cold War in its entirety. He thought that the United States would adopt more positive social values and through peaceful competition the two sides [the U.S. and the Soviet Union] could compete for who could better serve the world and serve mankind.



"THE BOA IN THE PHOTO IS PAUL ROBESON BECAUSE HE IS ONE OF MY HEROES. AND AS ONE OF THE GREAT ATHLETES OF THE 20TH CENTURY, HE IS VERY POWERFUL—LIKE MY BOA. MY TANGERINE HONDURAN MILK SNAKE IS MR. TANGERINE MAN. THE ALBINO CORN SNAKE IS WILLIE MAIZE. EVEN THOUGH I WAS A DODGERS FAN, I COULDN'T HELP LIKING WILLIE MAYS."

Who should play Wallace in the movie?

In the beginning my fantasy was that Paul Newman would play him, but Paul Newman isn't unfortunately around to do that.

THE BOOK

It's a history of the American empire and the national security state. So it starts in the late 19th century, talks about how the United States goes from being a progressive, pro-reform country to the world's leading counterrevolutionary force.

We show Henry Wallace as the visionary he really was.

We show the corrosive and destructive effect that militarism and imperialism have had on U.S. history from the 1890s through 2012.

We show that far from being an aberration, the Vietnam War was just the most egregious example of American interventionism in another country's affairs over a 115-year period. [Former Secretary of Defense] Robert McNamara told my students that he accepts that 3.8 million Vietnamese died in that war, which is perhaps ten times as many as most Americans think.

We expose the reality of the Eisenhower Administration. When most Americans think of Eisenhower, they think of his warning about the Military-Industrial Complex. We show that Eisenhower did more than anyone else to create it. Among other things, he increased the U.S. nuclear arsenal from approximately 1,000 weapons when he took office [in 1953] to 23,000 when he left and to 30,000 when his budgeting cycle was completed. And that was just the start of his hypermilitarization of American life.

In the United States there's this divide between red and blue, and we talk right past each other. Oliver and I, one of our goals, is to try to get past that. On the one hand, there's a certain kind of baggage because people might say, "Oh, it's going to be about conspiracies." Well, you've read it. It's not conspiracies; it's real history.

What we're trying to do is to save America from its dark side by illuminating the ways the United States has not lived up to its ideals. We hope to redirect policy so that the United States *can* live up to its sense of self.

SOCIALISM DISTORTED

Today's so-called progressives don't come close to someone like Wallace in terms of having a leftist vision. When a politician is seen as too progressive, the words *socialist* and *communist* start flying. A quick lesson on their meanings, please.

Well, the words have been so corrupted by the usage in the 20th century that the meanings are somewhat blurred.

It actually starts back in 1871 with the reaction to the Paris Commune when the Communards took over Paris. They did all kinds of progressive things that put fear in the hearts of the capitalists. So when the working class begins to rise up in the United States between 1877 [nationwide railroad strikes] and 1886 [the Haymarket Riot], there's a lot of talk about communism here.

When Marx originally conceived of communism in the 19th century, he thought that there would be an evolutionary development. He thought that you'd go from feudalism to capitalism to socialism to communism.

Communism has, for the most part, been identified with the Soviet Union in the 20th century. There is nothing, really, in the way the Soviet Union evolved that was coherent with Marx's original vision. In fact, he dismissed Russia as a candidate for socialist revolution because it was too economically, culturally and politically backward at that point. Obviously he was right. So what you've gotten in the Soviet Union, as it emerges, is a very distorted version of what people who believed in socialism actually would have wanted to see. These words [*socialism* and *communism*] have been so tainted that they're not really very viable. That people would accuse Obama of being a socialist is ludicrous.

Since the 1980s there's been a battle over cultural symbols and language in the United States. Whereas in the 1930s all the patriotic symbols were associated and identified with

> "AS A NATION, THE UNITED STATES' VALUES ARE UPSIDE DOWN AND BACKWARD. WE'VE GOT THE OBSESSION WITH INDIVIDUAL GAIN AND VERY LITTLE SENSE OF COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY."

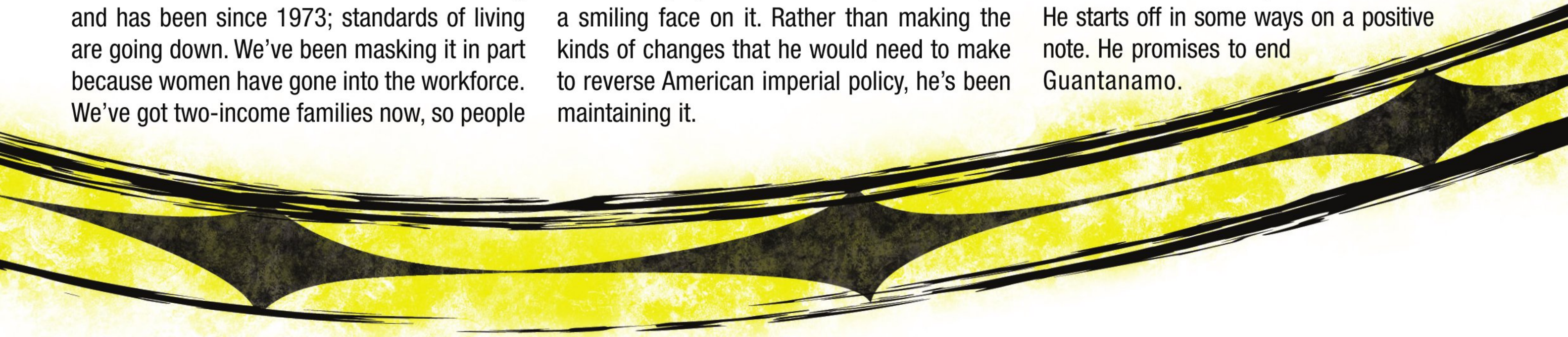
the Left, by the 1980s one of the brilliant things done by the Reaganites was to usurp this idea that the Right is patriotic. The same people who wanted to secede from the United States somehow become the epitome of Americanism. Even now there are people who want to see Texas and other states secede, and somehow they're superpatriots. I don't think that they have the best interests of this country at heart.

A SEMANTIC RUSE CALLED THE MIDDLE CLASS

Is the disappearance of the American labor movement partially due to the shrinking of the working class?

No, I think that was a semantic ruse in some ways. Starting in the 1950s we began to define ourselves as a middle-class country. And even people who would be considered working class were now thought to be middle class. I think it's this semantic game that we play in order to convince ourselves that we're all middle.

The fact is that the middle class is shrinking and has been since 1973; standards of living are going down. We've been masking it in part because women have gone into the workforce. We've got two-income families now, so people haven't seen the downward mobility as overtly as they would have otherwise. But my students now, their prospects are not nearly as bright, and that's a tragedy.



Capitalism has a side to it that I find particularly corrosive, and that's the idea that people are and should be motivated by individual greed; that somehow all these greedy individuals are going to get together in the marketplace and make the best decisions for everybody. I think that as a nation, the United States' values are upside down and backward. We've got the obsession with individual gain and very little sense of community responsibility.

OBAMA'S PLACE IN HISTORY: REDEEMER OR RECREANT?

Obama took office at a time when the country was very divided. It was in a big mess in terms of foreign and domestic policy, but the country was ready for change—hope and change—and there was such a mood of exhilaration and possibility when he came to office. In some ways it was like with Roosevelt—the same sense of exuberance and possibility, but Obama squandered it.

He surrounded himself with the worst possible advisers—Wall Street people, bankers, not populists. They did not want to make the kind of economic changes that were really going to punish Wall Street for getting us into that terrible mess that we were in. On foreign policy, he surrounded himself with people like Robert Gates and Hillary Clinton; these are real hawks. At the beginning of Obama's administration he met with leading Presidential historians, and he sought their advice. They would say, one after another, don't get involved in Afghanistan. He ignored them.

What Oliver and I say about Obama is that he's managing a wounded empire. He's put a smiling face on it. Rather than making the kinds of changes that he would need to make to reverse American imperial policy, he's been maintaining it.

OBAMA'S DISTURBING SIDE

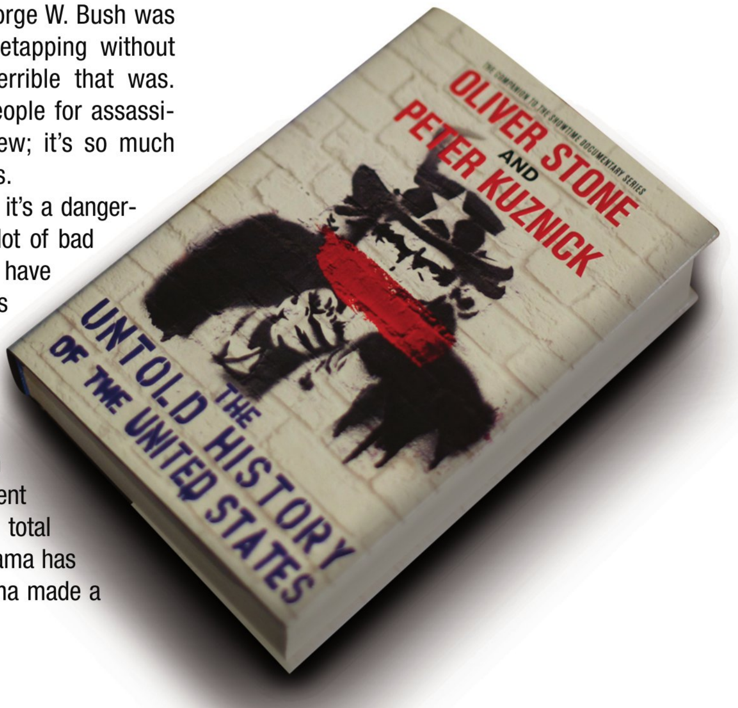
He's become judge, jury and executioner. We complained volubly that George W. Bush was doing surveillance, the wiretapping without judicial review and how terrible that was. Well, Obama is targeting people for assassination without judicial review; it's so much more serious and dangerous.

Obama knows better. Yes, it's a dangerous world, and there are a lot of bad guys out there. But we don't have the right to be the world's policemen, the world's controllers, the world's executioners.

He's a disaster for civil liberties. Whereas between 1917 and 2008 the government had indicted three people total under the Espionage Act, Obama has indicted at least seven. Obama made a decision not to prosecute Bush, Cheney and the others for torture and war crimes. But who does he prosecute? Bradley Manning! So people who actually commit war crimes in the United States, you get to go free. If you expose war crimes, you get put in jail and tortured basically.

Why?

I don't know. I really don't understand him. He starts off in some ways on a positive note. He promises to end Guantanamo.


THE COMPANION TO THE SHOWTIME DOCUMENTARY SERIES
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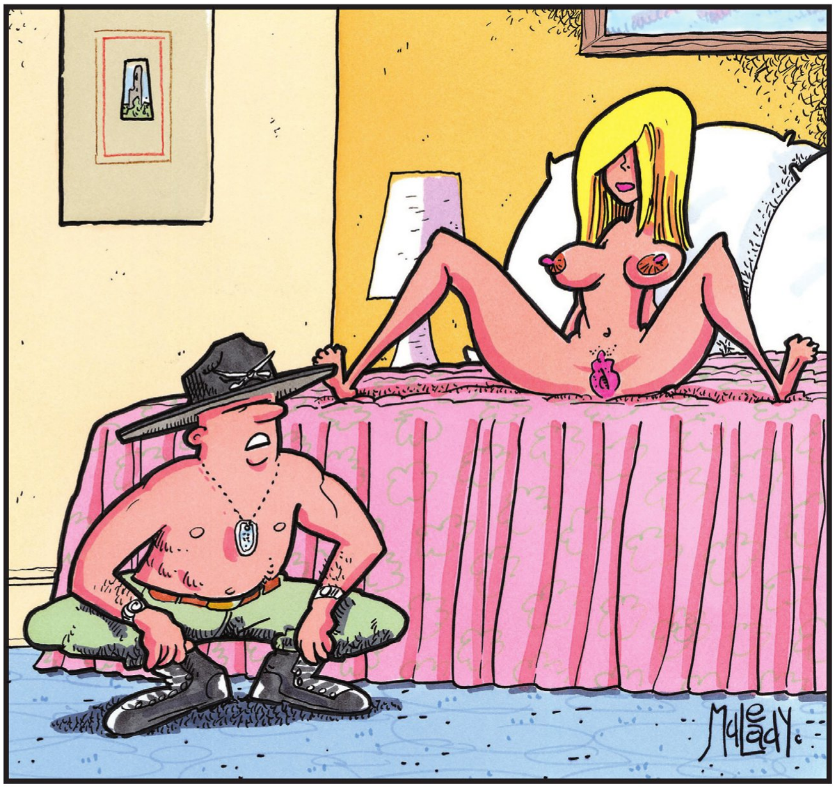
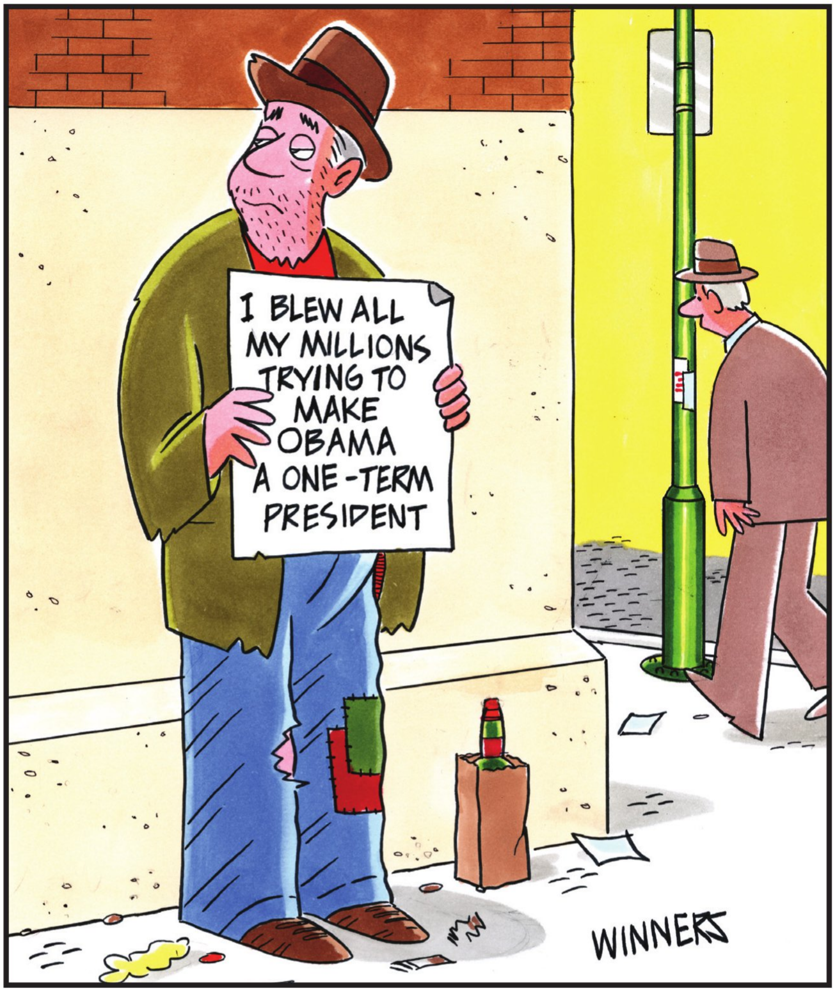


"I love the smell of pussy in the morning."


I BLEW ALL MY MILLIONS TRYING TO MAKE OBAMA A ONE-TERM PRESIDENT
WINNERS

He's going to stop torture. His speech in Prague calling for the abolition of nuclear weapons was wonderful. I mean he still has certain vision, but his policies haven't reflected that. Even the way he did his health-care reform was so halfhearted and gutless. This is a man who has got incredible gifts as a speaker, as a teacher; and it got to the point where when I heard him speak, I would just turn off the sound; the words were meaningless.

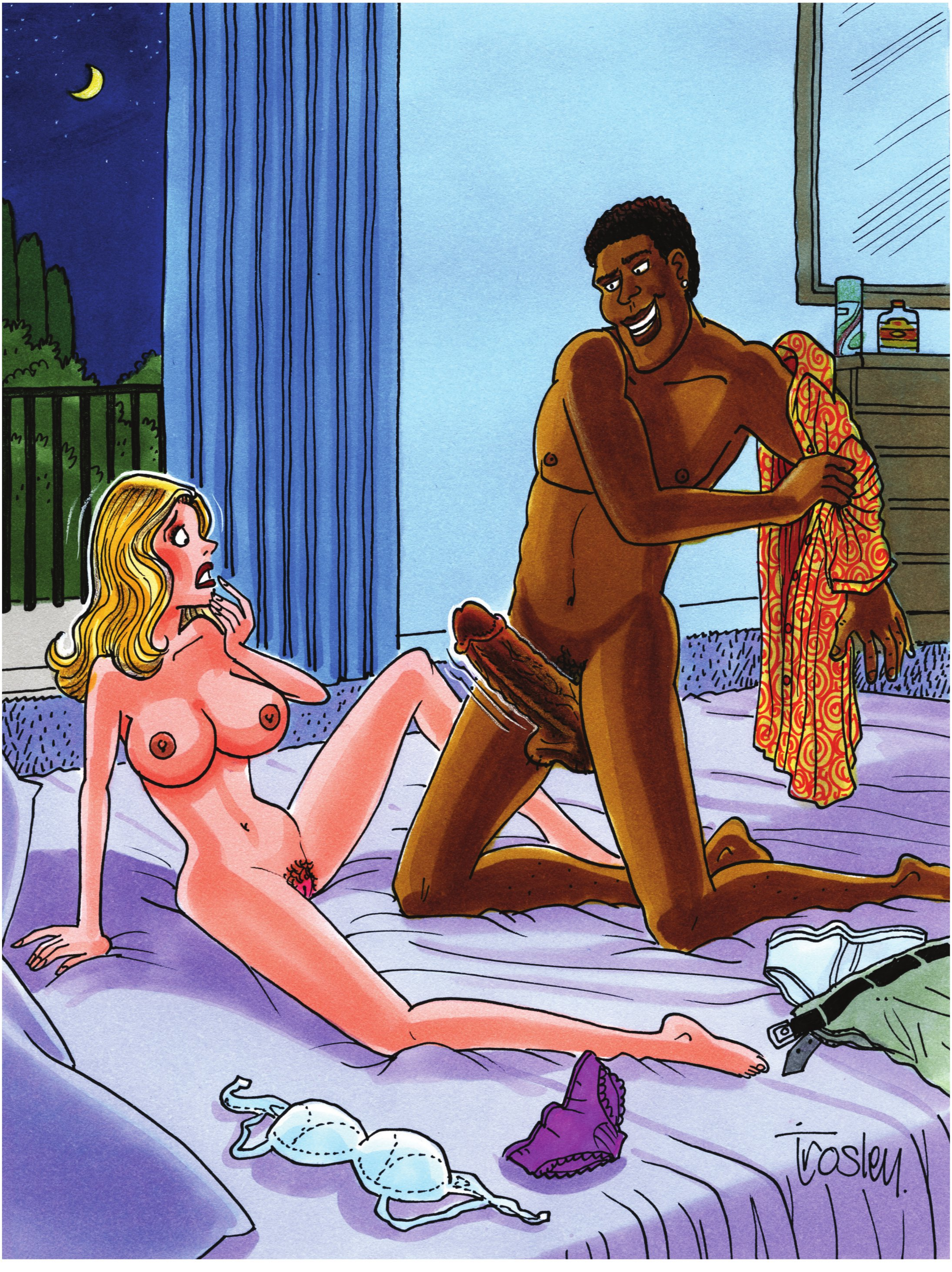
In his second inaugural speech, Obama outlined a fairly progressive program for U.S. domestic policy but almost entirely avoided foreign policy. He didn't challenge the dangerous notion of American exceptionalism. He said nothing about American empire. That's the 5,000-pound elephant in the room. The consequences of the neocons' imperial fantasies, many of which have been exacerbated by Obama, are real: over a million dead in Iraq and Afghanistan; a network of bases scattered all across the globe; weaponization of space and cyberspace as part of the quest for full-spectrum dominance; Obama's proliferation of drone attacks; Obama's Asia pivot, which is designed to contain China by increasing American military presence and arming China's neighbors; or the ongoing threat of nuclear annihilation.

How will it end?

Well, we don't know yet. That's why we're still hopeful. Look at how hawkish John F. Kennedy was for the first two years of his administration. Then in the final year, after the Cuban Missile Crisis, he became a largely new person. There is some potential still for Obama.

It's, symbolically, a huge significance that we have a black President. I think that he will be seen as a mildly progressive President, but he won't be making his mark in terms of new directions. What we need now is a President who's going to repudiate American militarism.

I don't usually agree with Samuel Huntington [author of *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order*], but he said one thing that I think was brilliant and right on. He said, "The West won the world, not by the superiority of its ideas or values or religion, but by the superiority of its application of organized violence. Westerners often forget that fact; non-Westerners never do." H



"Careful. It can sense fear."

PRETTY IN PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

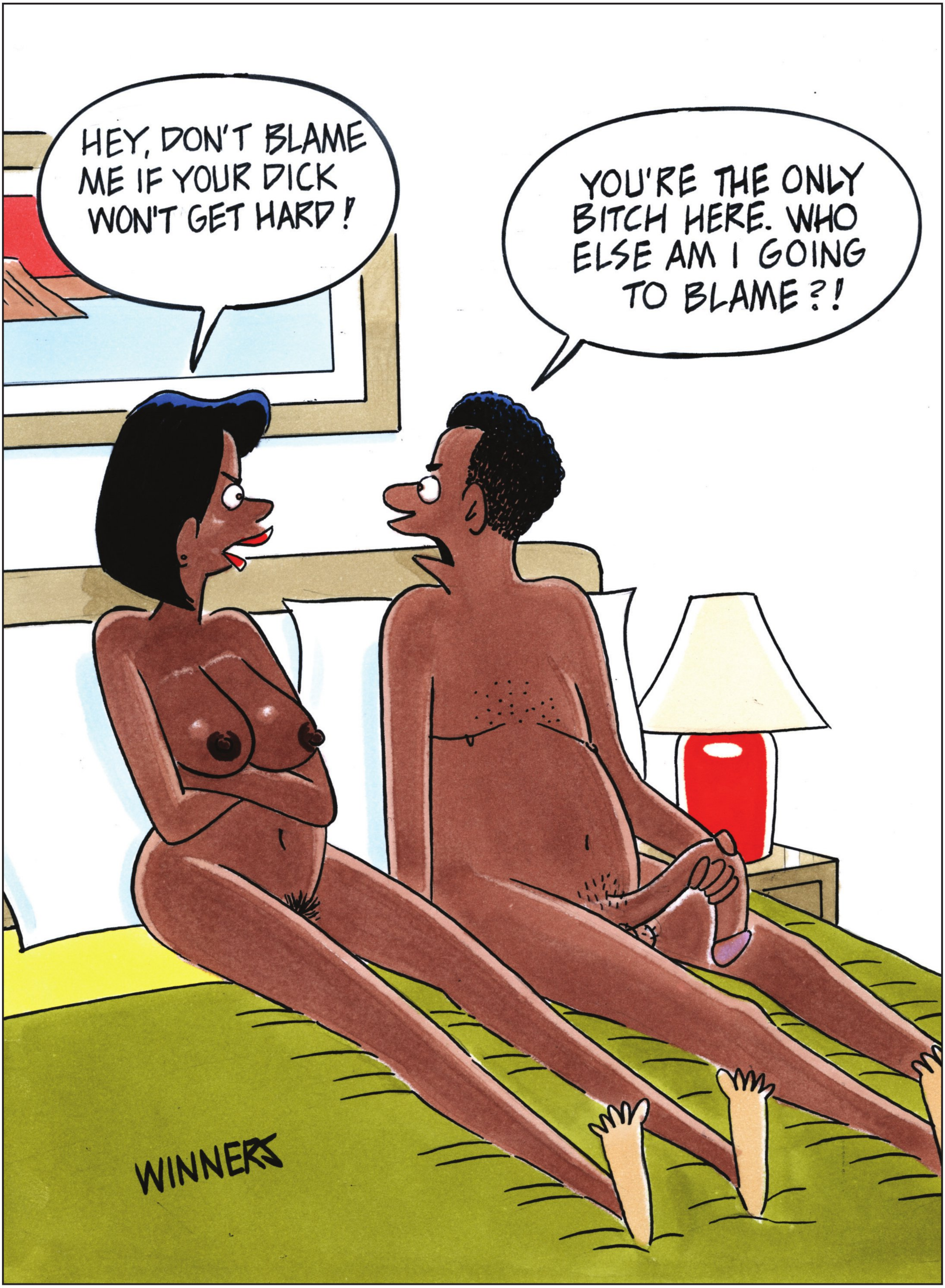
CANDICE LUCA

I love beautiful smiles and nice asses," **Candice Luca** proclaims. "Those are the first things I look for—in both men and women. Plus I need somebody with a really outgoing personality."

Although **Candice** likes to laugh, she's not much for escapist entertainment. "My favorite movie without question is *Requiem for a Dream,"* the Czech babe discloses. "It's not exactly a nice story, but I like art and people that want to explore the real face of life."

Being a sought-after model, she doesn't have time to explore much of anything. "I wish I had more of a chance to unwind and relax," **Candice** muses. "I'd love to travel somewhere far off like Africa or South America. But I'm not complaining about working so much. It's sure better than being unemployed and broke!"

CANDICE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 117


HEY, DON'T BLAME ME IF YOUR DICK WON'T GET HARD!
YOU'RE THE ONLY BITCH HERE. WHO ELSE AM I GOING TO BLAME?!
WINNERS

GIRLS OF TWITTER

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

XENA KAI

LOCATION: Hermosa Beach, California

AGE: 21

PROFILES: Twitter.com/XenaKai

Facebook.com/TheRealXenaKai

Whether she's sporting two-toned strawberry-blond hair and black lace or her natural raven mane and a white string bikini, Xena Kai stands out. And then there's her 32G bust, which can stop traffic wherever she goes.

Born in Southern California, Xena grew up in the Nevada desert but hightailed back once she decided on a professional-modeling career. Not only does the L.A. area offer boundless opportunities, but it also means she can live close to her favorite place to unwind. "I like to go to the beach whenever I have a day off," Xena explains. "There's just something about hearing the waves and smelling the ocean that makes me calm and relaxed."

However, those days don't come too often thanks to Xena's popularity. Recently, *Lowrider* featured her as one of its centerfolds, she graced the cover of *Performance Auto & Sound* and was featured in *Super Street* magazine.

Despite getting insane amounts of additional attention via Twitter and Facebook, the 5-foot-2 Filipina is surprisingly shy when it comes to talking about sex. "I like a man with intelligence, manners and muscles," Xena pinpoints. "But as far as what I like in bed, well, that's for me to know and him to find out!"

Who isn't enchanted by a photogenic young woman with Asian ancestry, big bazooms and a little mystery?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DDG PHOTOS

OPEN TO ANYTHING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SOPHIA KNIGHT

Thanks to her good looks, all **Sophia Knight** had to do to get her big break was take a stroll. “An agent stopped me on the street,” the lovely Londoner recalls. “He asked me if I’d ever thought about modeling, and I hadn’t. But I’m an impulsive person, so I decided to try it out.”

Sophia, who describes herself as a “very girly girl,” digs pop music and the *Twilight* movie franchise. She also watches *The Big Bang Theory* religiously and sparks to guys who possess both a sense of humor and the ability to keep things in perspective.

What excites **Sophia** most about life is the uncertainty of what’s next. “I’d never considered posing nude before, but now it’s my job, and I love doing it,” she relates. “I enjoy the surprises and twists and turns of life. If you don’t go with the flow, you end up pretty miserable, and that’s definitely not for me!”

SOPHIA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: London, England | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 120

HUSTLER HUMOR

CHEVY
HUSTLER

Frank suffered a serious heart attack while shopping for groceries. Paramedics rushed the 50-year-old bachelor to the nearest hospital, where he underwent quadruple-bypass surgery.

When Frank woke up, he found himself in the care of nuns at a Catholic hospital. A little later, Sister Rufina came to his room and wanted to know how he was going to pay for his treatment. In a raspy voice, Frank said, "No health insurance. No money in the bank."

Sounding a little testy, Sister Rufina asked, "Do you have a relative who could help you make payments?"

"I only have a spinster sister," Frank replied, "and she's broke too. The funny thing is she's a nun."

"Nuns are not spinsters!" Sister Rufina snapped. "Nuns are married to God."

"Perfect!" Frank howled. "Send the bill to my brother-in-law!"

Question: What's the difference between an inner-city drug dealer and a high-class hooker?

Answer: The hooker can rinse off her crack and sell it again.

Returning home from her blind date with Thomas, Mary was on cloud nine. She happily tore off her clothes in the hallway, tossing them all over the place, and jumped into bed. The next morning, Mary's roommate asked about her date.

"It was all right," Mary coyly replied.

"It must have been a lot better than that," her roomie shot back. "Your panties are still stuck to the wall!"

Question: What did the cannibal do after he dumped his girlfriend?

Answer: He wiped his ass.

Jill and Dan took their ten-year-old son Timmy with them on a trip to France. One afternoon, ending up at a nude beach, the family decided to go with the flow. Timmy went swimming, but a few minutes later he ran back to his naked mother. "All of those ladies have boobs bigger than yours!" the lad exclaimed.

"There's a rule for that," Jill said. "The bigger they are, the dumber they are." Then Timmy asked, "How come all of the men have wieners bigger than Daddy's?"

"Same rule applies," Jill replied. "The bigger they are, the dumber they are."

"Look, Mommy!" Timmy squealed as he pointed out his father and a chesty woman facing each other. "Daddy's talking to the dumbest lady out here, and it's rubbing off on him! He's getting dumber and dumber and dumber."

When Sheila ran into her ex-hubby Brent at a bar a year after their divorce, she was burning with curiosity about his current circumstances. Hoping that the dude's life had gone down the tubes, she inquired about his well-being.

"To be honest, I'm doing terribly," Brent grumbled. "I'm depressed as hell, drinking too much and utterly lonely."

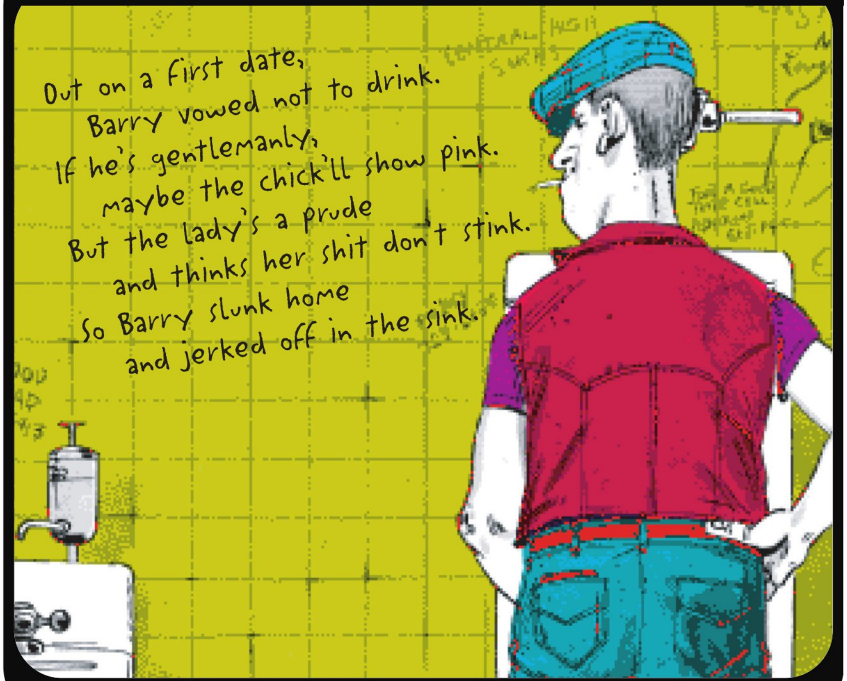
"I'm sorry to hear that," Sheila said while fighting the impulse to grin.

"Yeah," Brent sighed, "I'm fucking miserable. It's almost like you never left."

After listening to the elderly prostitute plead her case in his courtroom, newly appointed Judge Davenport wasn't sure what to do. He called a brief recess and headed to his chambers. En route he bumped into Judge Forbes and asked, "What would you give a 66-year-old hooker?"

"Oh, gosh," Judge Forbes remarked. "Only 15 or 20 bucks tops."

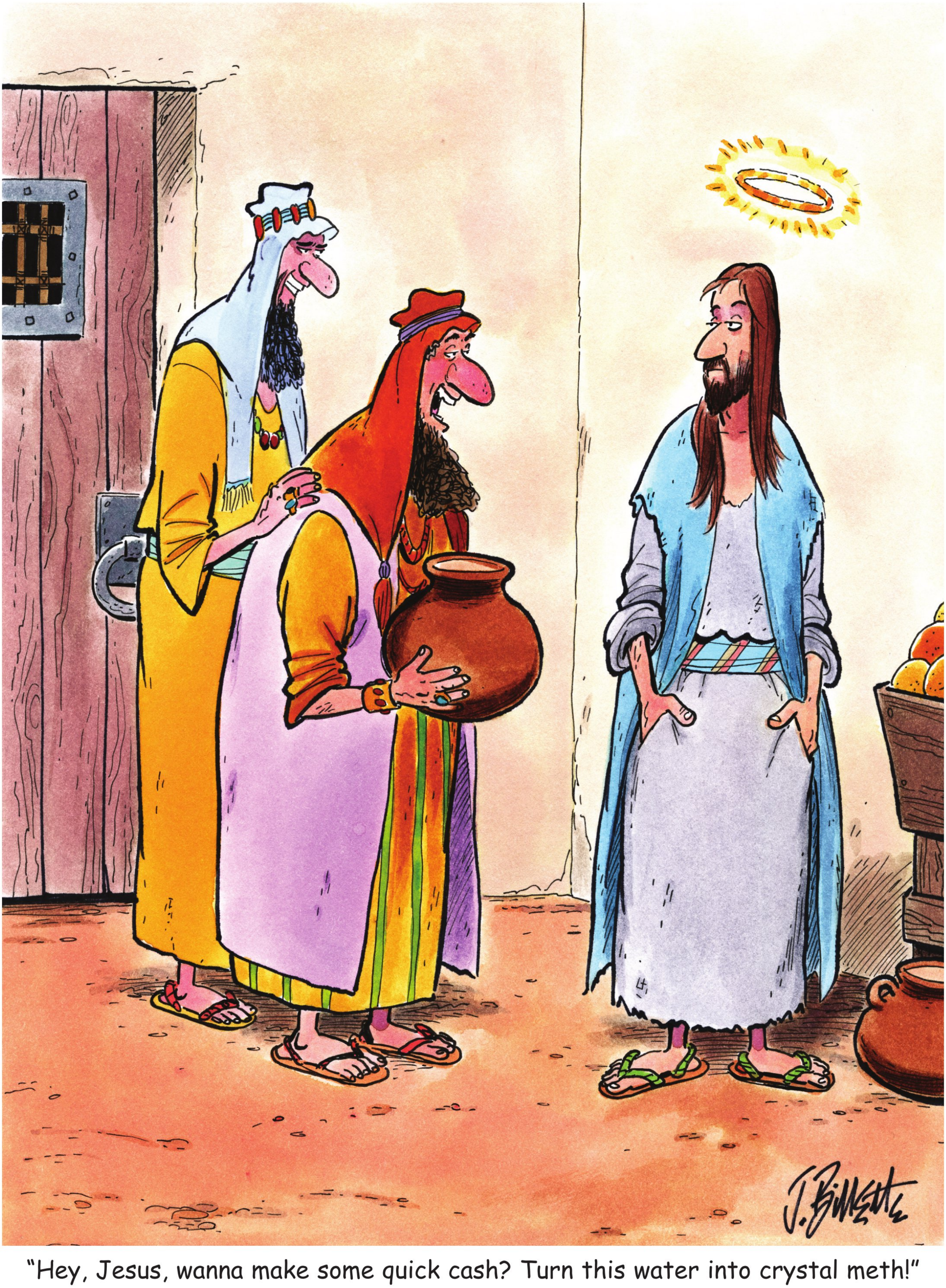
GRAFFILTHY



Out on a first date,
Barry vowed not to drink.
If he's gentlemanly,
maybe the chick'll show pink.
But the lady's a prude
and thinks her shit don't stink.
So Barry slunk home
and jerked off in the sink.

Thanks and $50 go to G.P.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Hey, Jesus, wanna make some quick cash? Turn this water into crystal meth!"

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE

SMUT FAIR CONFIDENTIAL

ALAINA FOX,
SOVEREIGN SYRE & ELA DARLING

APRIL O'NEIL

A LAS VEGAS PORTFOLIO BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

BEHIND THE POSING, RED-CARPET FACADE OF THE ANNUAL AVN ADULT ENTERTAINMENT EXPO IS A NAKED, DRUNKEN WORLD OF MARGINAL MAYHEM. WE SIGNED UP THE SHARP-EYED UNDERGROUND PHOTOGRAPHER WHO FUELS DRIVENBYBOREDOM.COM TO GET BEYOND THE GLITZ AND INFILTRATE THE SIN CITY BLOWOUT'S UNSEEN SIDE.

CHARLOTTE STOKELY

ASH HOLLYWOOD & SASHA PAIN

BONNIE ROTTEN & MALICE

VERUCA JAMES

STOYA

SKIN DIAMOND
& ASPHYXIA NOIR

KATIE ST. IVES

EVE CATES

ASPHYXIA NOIR & SKIN DIAMOND WITH IGOR

HARDCORE SHOWCASE

Slumber Party Orgy

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: STACI SILVERSTONE, BAILEY BLUE, RIKKI SIX, NAOMI WEST, DILLION HARPER, BRENDON MILLER, RYAN DRILLER & ALAN STAFFORD.

As the old saying goes: Two's company, three's a crowd, and eight's an orgy. Seriously, what guy doesn't obsessively wonder what happens when real chicks with real vaginas get together for a slumber party? Pillow fights, sexy nightgowns, lesbian "let's see what this feels like" experiments, real vaginas—it's a frickin' monster truck of fantasy! Thanks to HUSTLER, you can now stop trying to imagine things. Star director Axel Braun takes his camera and dives balls deep into a labia-licking, finger-banging romp filled with a quintet of horny sluts eager to take on all comers—or at least the three mooks who show up to make sure the furniture gets stained. The females all look like your local neighborhood skanks, just a little better and with money for boobjobs. And if you liked our February covergirl, Rikki Six, you'll love her with a dick in her pie hole. Crammed with enough fornication to satisfy even the most ardent XXX aficionado, this fuck flick displays an endless barrage of tight twats, sensational suck-offs and multiple ménages-à-trois. Did we mention the real vaginas? Better grab the lube and call up some friends. You know, the kind with real vaginas! Get your own *Slumber Party Orgy* by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Andy Parker

THIS MONTH'S
MASTER
STROKE

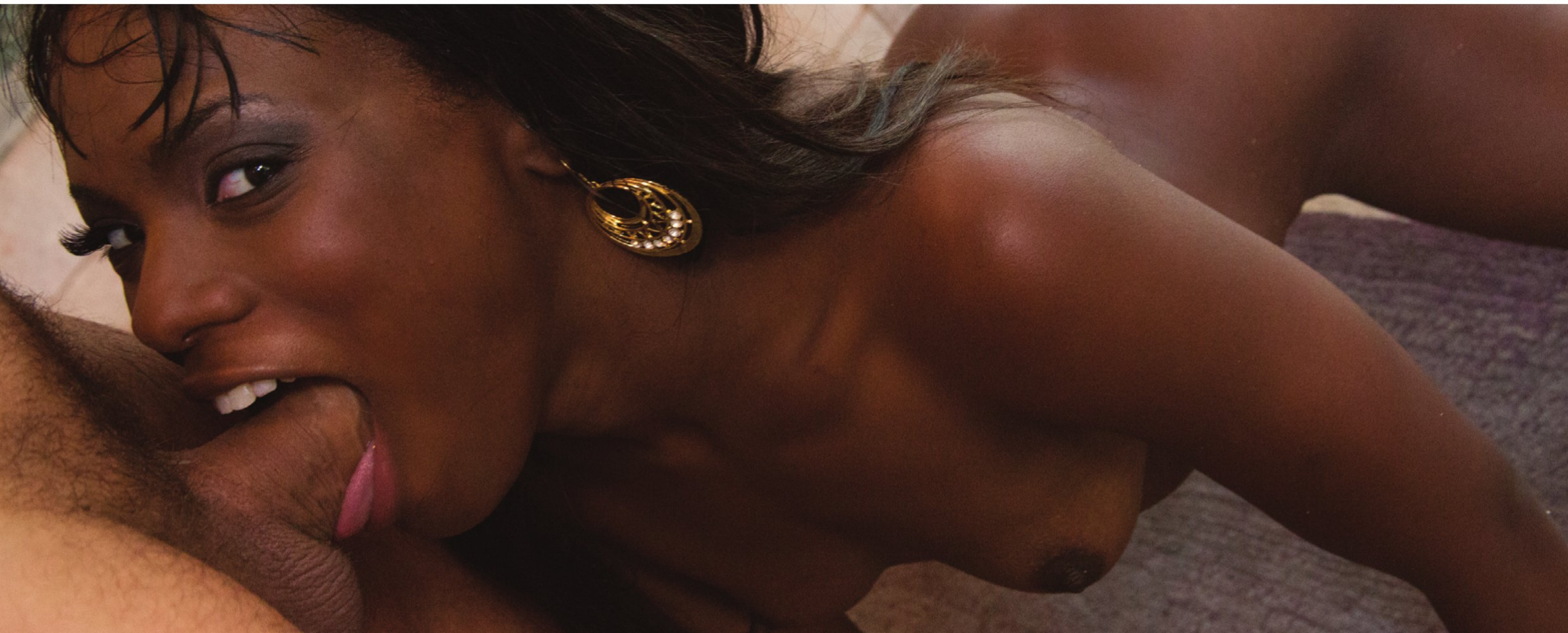
Orgy *who's who: Dillion Harper, Bailey Blue, Staci Silverstone, Naomi West and Rikki Six play mix 'n' match with dicks 'n' snatch.*

Black Heat

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: SKIN DIAMOND, ANA FOXXX, TATIYANA FOXX, JAYDEN STARR, TATIANA HOPE, LEXINGTON STEELE, TONI RIBAS, MR. PETE & ALEX GONZ.

This five-pack of porn's choicest chocolate is hot enough to soften steel but is guaranteed to keep your cock rock hard. Figure that out. Perfect pussycat Skin Diamond jacks up the thermostat right out of the box with another state-of-the-tart anal scene, her back end reaching temperatures Los Angeles County will have to regulate soon. (Don't worry; no condoms yet in this flick.) She gets black-dick reamed and tossed around like a disposable fuck-puppet, but there's no banging the pretty out of skinny Skin. Even with her butt-hole gaping and face covered in splooge, the Diamond sparkles. The smoldering chunk of coal known as Ana Foxxx follows up. She keeps the bootyhole off-limits but takes the rough-sex slapfest like a trouper. After the slender department, Tatiyana Foxx opens up the thickness, soaking up spit and semen like some kind of urban ShamWow. Chubby Jayden Starr, blinged out with a tongue stud and braces like a young Jada Fire, keeps the spongy theme going, and Tatiana Hope—supposedly in her first scene ever—puts her curvy hotness to perfect use. She doesn't look so sure about this porn thing yet, but a couple more fuck-checks in her bank account will take care of that. Warning: *Black Heat* may land your dick in the local burn center, but you'll be back for more. ***—M.J.***

Skin Diamond (left), Tatiana Hope and Ana Foxxx (bottom) bring the ***Heat****.*



Black holes Ana (above), Skin (top right) and Tatiyana Foxx let nothing escape.

This Ain't Terminator XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: BAILEY BLUE, JULIA ANN, JUELZ VENTURA, MELINA MASON, LEYA FALCON, BRETT ROSSI, DICK DELAWARE, BRENDON MILLER, ALEX GONZ & BILLY GLIDE.

Hasta la vista, pussy. HUSTLER is back, and Skynet just got sexy—and 3D! The year is 2029, and the Terminator must travel back in time looking for Sarah Connor, and shit gets XXX-rated. Inked-up Juelz Ventura starts the action by getting balled by a couple of back-alley brutes. As the robotic assassin tracks his target to a strip club, bazooka-chested Melina Mason and dirty blonde Brett Rossi provide a muff-diving interlude that will have you exterminating millions of potential liberators. Thinking he's found his target, the Terminator gets sucked off by stripper Leya Falcon before spraying her rack with cyborg cream. She ain't Ms. Connor, but she sure knows how to polish an Arnold-sized trailer hitch. Running into another possible Sarah because this is brainy sci-fi porn, the walking fuck machine terminates MILF Julia Ann's ass. For the finale, the hero who's supposed to make all this shit make sense by banging Sarah Connor finds her in the form of cute-as-shit Bailey Blue. The two fulfill their contractual obligations before blowing up the bad guy in the title to make the world safe for hardcore porn forever. (Applause.) You can't afford an Uzi 9mm, so buy this movie. Do it now! Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—A.P.***

Sperminators Juelz Ventura (top), Julia Ann (left), Brett Rossi (above with Melina Mason) and Bailey Blue taste the future of ***XXX****.*

Best ***Friends***
Katie St. Ives (top left),
Jessie Andrews (left)
and Capri Anderson
(with galpal Ash Hollywood)
share their secrets.

My Slutty Friends

BLUEBIRD FILMS. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: CAPRI ANDERSON, KATIE ST. IVES, JESSIE ANDREWS, RYLIE RICHMAN, ASH HOLLYWOOD, MR. PETE, TOMMY PISTOL, TONI RIBAS, MR. MARCUS & ANTHONY ROSANO.

That title alone should make you start some serious soul-searching: Do I have true friends that I can really count on? Let's be honest. It's nice to have a friend you can talk to; it's even better if she'll spread her hot snatch and really let you get a load off! Take for instance Capri Anderson, who starts the movie stark naked with a dude's fingers up her girlhood. Do the math: All that time getting dressed and undressed is just a waste of valuable fuck time. Capri's a cute, strokable girl, if not the most exciting porn lay in the world. (Maybe she shot this after a long workweek.) Lively Katie St. Ives makes up for it with loads of spit and spunk. She's a BJ queen, but loud and proud Katie also takes a cock in her sweet poon like nobody's business. Jessie Andrews, the "normal girl" with the "POV eyes," trots out her lush girlie bush and gets her brains banged out in what may be one of her last scenes. Jizz-draining Jessie's a porn miracle plain and simple. If she really is leaving the biz, science needs to swipe her DNA and make that cloning thing happen. Now. Platinum newcummer Rylie Richman rides some black cock in a standard interlude, but the finale with Ash Hollywood and Capri sharing some twat time and a cock is worth milking the ol' prostate one more time. That is, unless you got a real friend who's up to the task. ***—M.J.***

HEALING POWERS

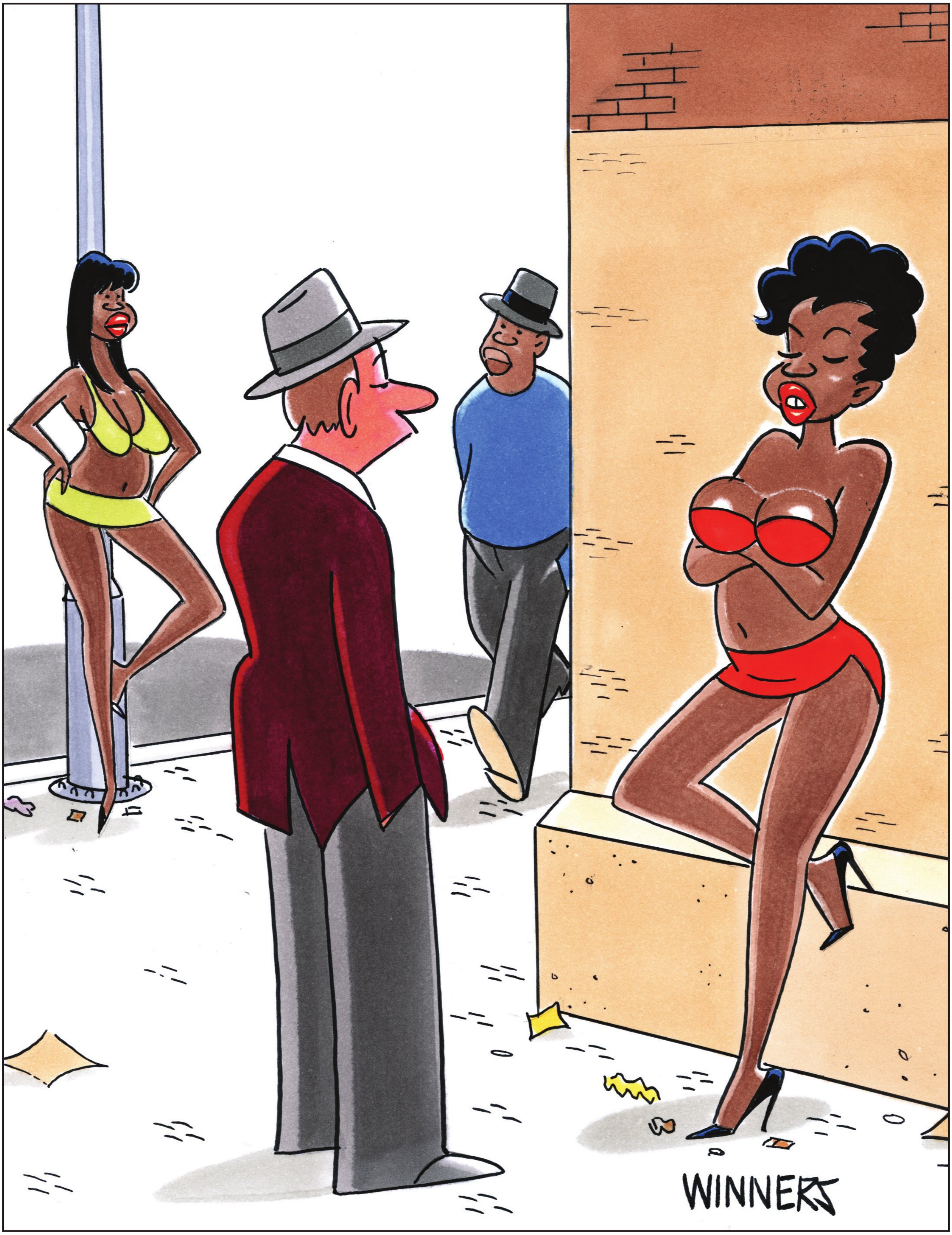
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

BOBBI STARR

Dr. Jerri Badminton Taylor (**Bobbi Starr**), who had waltzed through med school by blowing her professors, was so inept that her colleagues began documenting her faults. Here are just a few of the most scandalous charges:

1. Dr. Taylor refuses to wear the doctor's traditional white lab coat—or, for that matter, any clothing at all. She practices medicine in the nude, save for a garter belt and stockings.
2. Although the boneheaded M.D. never doles out anesthetics to patients, she habitually inhales ether while performing surgeries.
3. She's lost over $100,000 of hospital funds betting on bumfights.
4. Dr. Taylor once turned away a dying child because she accepts only erect men between the ages of 24 and 40 as patients.

THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM
STIRRUP POSITIONING
PULL TO EXTEND
LIFT FOR LATERAL ADJUSTMENT



“The pussy is gonna cost 50 bucks. Now, if you want me to moan and groan like you’re hurting me, that’ll cost you an extra ten.”

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

OCEAN

"It's fun to be naked!" roars this "damn good store manager" from Pacific Palisades, California, who'll be turning 32 in August. "I'm very comfortable showing off my body. Nudity is a beautiful thing." Splashing into her private life, Ocean relates, "I'm into surfing, drinking beer on the beach, hip-hop music, gory movies, Will Ferrell comedies, *Dexter*, *Californication* and inspirational books like *The Four Agreements: A Practical Guide to Personal Freedom*." Geez Louise, the 5-foot-7 bi gal has already laid the foundation for a tome of her own: *A Personal Guide to Sexual Freedom*.

"My most adventurous lay was on a beach under a sky dotted with twinkling stars," Ocean recollects. "We were right in front of a bunch of houses. I don't know if anyone was watching us, but I didn't care." Catching Ocean in her birthday suit is invigorating, as is the "usually aggressive" vixen's fantasy: "I'd like to have a guy tie me up and have his way with me."—*Photos by Friend*

"I love being naked and tempting guys *and* girls."

"I'd love to have a threeway with Nicki Minaj and Drake."

MO'NA

This shipping expediter from Waco, Texas, is stoked to be exposing her own 5-foot-10 package as a newly minted Beaver. "I like the fact that lots of people will get to enjoy my body," reckons Mo'na, 19, who's equally proud of her disposition. "I can be a fun person," she says, "but I am strong and have a loving, kind way when it is needed. I'm a great girlfriend because I grew up around nothing but boys, so I know what they like—and I really love sports." Besides boasting prowess on basketball and volleyball courts, Mo'na can give any rodeo barrel racer a run for her money. "I love riding my horses," the Aaliyah, Drake and Nicki Minaj fan notes, leading us to her most intimate pastimes. "I am bisexual and very seductive," she confides, "My favorite bedroom sports are role-playing and 69." But Mo'na will have to venture to Yankee soil to fulfill her risqué fantasy: "I want to have sex by Niagara Falls." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"What I love the most is getting it from behind, and if the dude's cock so happens to find its way into my asshole, oh well."

JAZZYBELLE

"When I want something, I just have to have it," asserts this hot-as-hell 26-year-old from Portland, Oregon. It might be a sexy nightie, a nine-inch cock or—as we've granted—an opportunity to be nude in our latest roundup. "With a body like mine, why wouldn't I have power over men?" But Jazzybelle occasionally gives it a rest. "I like shopping, talking on the phone and listening to country music," the 5-foot-8 Beaver Stater informs us. Wielding our powers, we get the head-turner to talk about her naughty side. "I would like to be caught streaking by a police officer just to see if he would have his way with me," Jazzybelle owns up. But the babe is also down for giving a multitude of dudes total access to her mouth, pussy and ass: "I had sex with strangers at a bar. I remember everything. I just chose to act drunk. Whether I'm listening to Taylor Swift or getting gangbanged, I'm enjoying life as it cums." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

“My fantasy is to have sex with a guy and a girl at the same time just so I can compare.”

SOPHIA

"Let's just say I'm a single lady who wants to have some wild fun," announces Sophia, 19, an aspiring model out of Wichita, Kansas. With that in mind, the skin-mag greenhorn has come our way to display every inch of her 5-foot-4 anatomy and shed light on what's cookin' inside. "I'm very unique, energetic, observant, creative and sexual," the networking buff elaborates. "I'm bi, but I prefer chillin' with guys. Girls are crazy." Sophia would rather drive lovers crazy with her acrobatics. It seems being a yoga enthusiast has been beneficial in the boudoir and wherever else the rap-and-rockophile wants to get her rocks off—most recently a car parked along a dirt road. "I'm extremely flexible," she discloses, "so anything works. I love the splits, doggy-style and my legs in the air." We'll make an astute observation: Sophia looks mighty fine bared in our publication.

—Photos by Hugh Tessendorf

"My biggest fantasy is to have sex with a big, strong man in a sports car going down the highway at 150 miles per hour."

"I'd love to get naked in the Dallas Cowboys' locker room and show them I'm a huge fan."

KARMA

"I've always been told I have a pretty pussy 'n' titties," coos Karma, 26, a "100% real" bartender from Lorena, Texas. "Why not show the world? I'm very open, outgoing, friendly and willing to put a special person's talents to work." With gusto! "I'm bisexual, and I love to tease and be in control," the 5-foot-2 Trey Songz and Aaliyah fan exults. "My favorite positions are doggy-style 'n' reverse cowgirl with a guy pulling my hair 'n' slapping my ass 'n' fucking me so hard that my pussy starts to squirt. To the point everybody can hear me screaming, 'n' I'm cumming all over his dick. Then I'll finish up by licking my juices off it 'n' sucking out every drop of his hot, sweet jizz." Karma, who never says no to anal because "it keeps my pussy throbbing," wraps things up with a low-key fantasy: "I want a man to just sit back and watch me play with myself." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

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ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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Please Print

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Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth Model's Social Security number Occupation

Telephone (include area code) Personal e-mail address

Address

City State Zip

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

☐

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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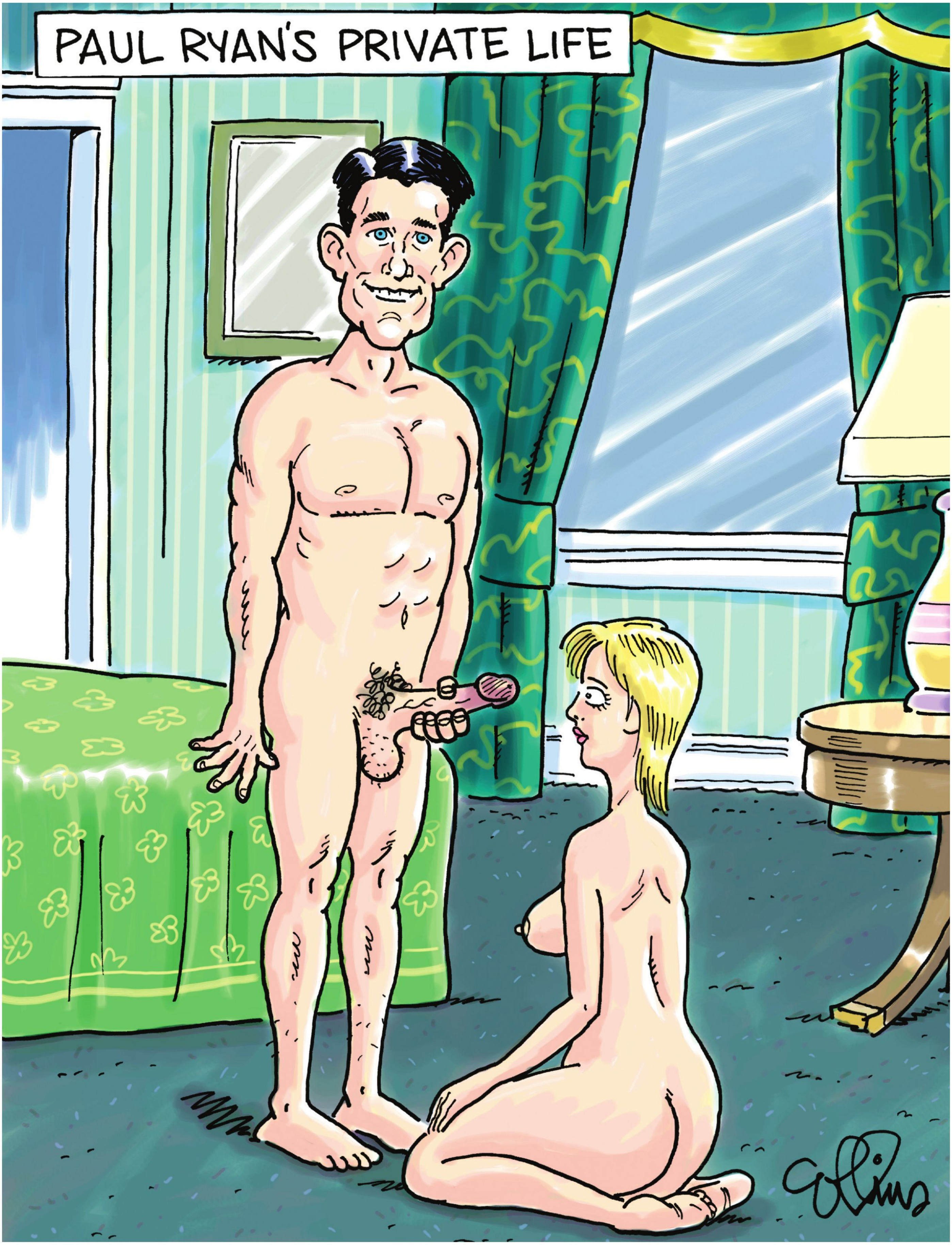


PAUL RYAN'S PRIVATE LIFE

"We live in a nation of makers and takers. I make the cum, and you take it on the face."

VAGINAL WORKOUT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

VANESSA CAGE

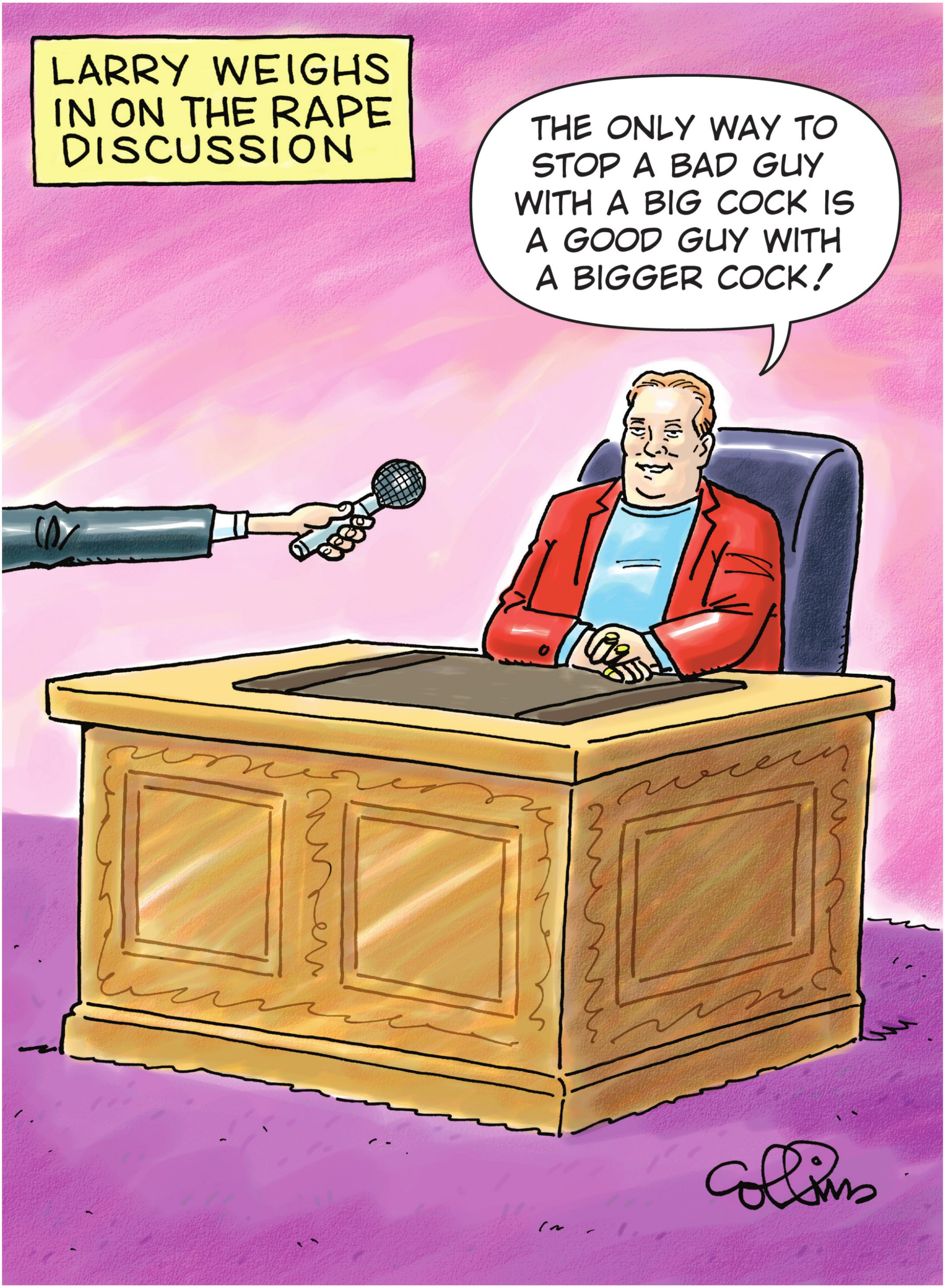
Since her marriage broke up, Victoria (**Vanessa Cage**) had been sulking around her rich parents' house. She spent her days eating deep-fried candy bars, watching German expressionist movies and masturbating constantly. Eventually her folks got sick of her wallowing and signed their disconsolate daughter up for a gym membership.

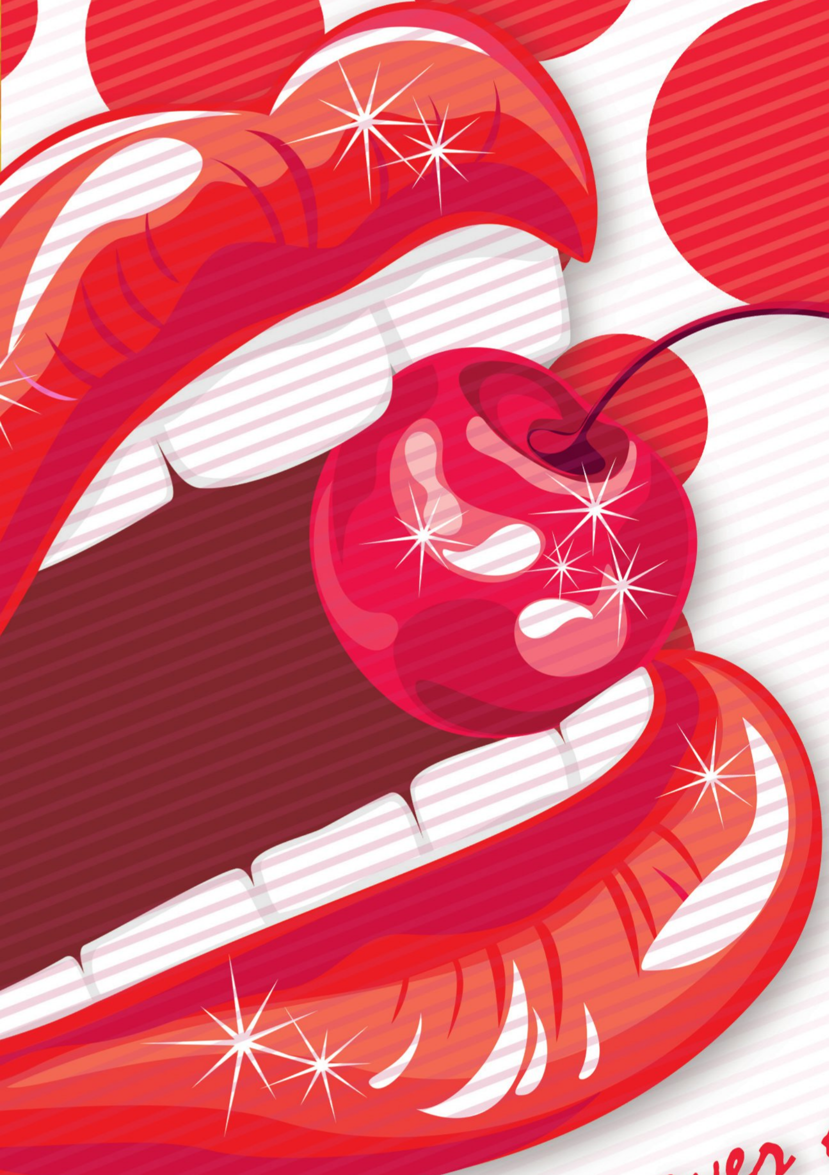
Victoria was immediately smitten with her workout coach, Brian (**Bill Bailey**). Within five minutes of starting her fitness routine, she felt her nether region moistening with desire.

"What part of your body do you wanna work on first?" Brian asked.

"I'm insanely horny," Victoria replied, "and I've been jerking off to *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* for the past three weeks. Brian, I want you to focus entirely on my vagina. Fucking is considered exercise, isn't it?"

Brian had no objections to her proposal. From that day on, Victoria's depression lifted dramatically. And much to her parents' delight, she never skipped a gym session.


LARRY WEIGHS IN ON THE RAPE DISCUSSION
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP A BAD GUY WITH A BIG COCK IS A GOOD GUY WITH A BIGGER COCK!
Collins



Bobbie Brown's American Pie

Video vixens never die; they become reality TV stars. The most strokable cougar on Fuse's Ex-Wives of Rock reignites our hottest MTV memories.

Interview by Keith Valcourt
Photos by Ladi von Jansky

She's the "Cherry Pie" girl from the Warrant music video, the blonde on roller skates who haunted the wet dreams of the MTV Generation. She dated a who's who of rock royalty, including Tommy Lee, Dave Navarro and Matthew Nelson—and married Jani Lane. By some miracle, she survived—and she's as smoking-hot as ever. The unsinkable Bobbie Brown stopped by HUSTLER to talk about starfucking, losing Jani Lane and landing her latest gig.

HUSTLER: What was the Sunset Strip scene really like back in the day?

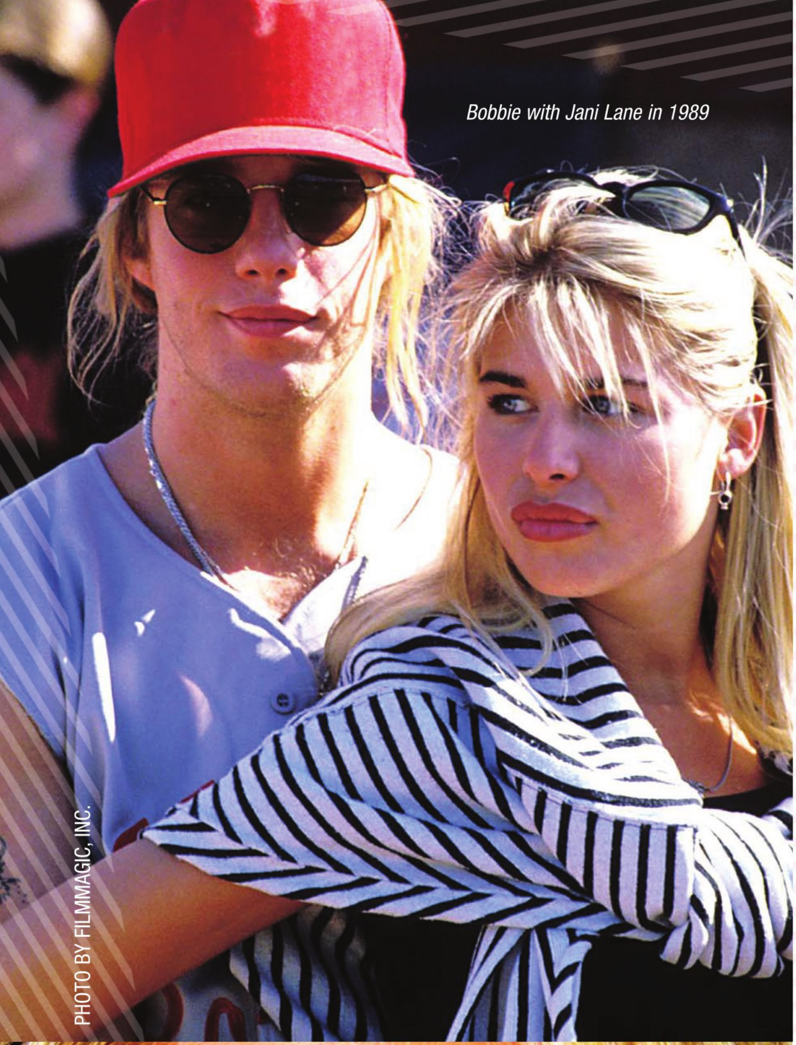
BOBBIE BROWN: Awesome! A nonstop competitive party up and down the Strip. You were either a fan or a somebody. Right after I did the "Cherry Pie" video, people would come running up to me screaming, "You're *my* Cherry Pie!" And my boyfriend [Matthew Nelson] would yell back, "No she's mine!" I wasn't famous famous, but people treated me like I was.

What drew you to rock guys?

I was in their videos. I didn't go to the clubs and say, "Oh, I'm gonna go find Sebastian Bach!" I ended up doing jobs and videos, and we would meet.

What did you think of the groupie scene?

I was entertained by it, but I was also appalled at the extremes groupies would go to just to meet the bands. They would do anything.



Bobbie with Jani Lane in 1989

PHOTO BY FILMMAGIC, INC.

The bands had a system. They called it a "Pussy Pass." If the girl's backstage pass had a *P* on it, she blew everybody just to get backstage. Kinda sad.

Of all the rockers you dated, who was the best lover?

Tommy Lee, hands down. I didn't have sex with Dave [Navarro]. He was...weird. First night I met him he answered the door to his house buck naked carrying a baseball bat. He said, "I'm downstairs fucking this chick. But let me put a video on for you, and I'll be right back." He put on a video of himself jerking off and then went downstairs. I was horrified the whole time but tried to act cool. He came back a little later, still naked with his bat, a feather boa and a hand puppet. This was obviously during the drug years.

I was in love with Tommy. Sex is always better with somebody you're in love with.

You started out as a beauty queen. How did you become a music-video vixen?

In high school I tried out for Miss Teen Louisiana. I got that and went to the nationals. Came in second there. Then I got a call from L.A. Flew out there and met with agents. Signed to an agent who set me up with an audition for *Star Search*, and I booked that. I won 13 episodes in a row. Then Jani Lane saw me on *Star Search* and booked me for the "Cherry Pie" video. The rest is history.

What do you remember about the shoot?

That Jani had a male camel toe. His pants were so tight, I couldn't focus on anything else. He was super-nice, and all the bands' wives were bitches except for one—Kathy, who befriended me. Jani was super-nervous, and it was obvious that he cast me in the video just so he could date me. He sent me flowers on the set all day—dozens and dozens of flowers. But nothing happened because I had a boyfriend at the time, Matthew Nelson.

I didn't date Jani until five months later when Matthew's band started to do well. He got a big head and started acting shitty. He broke up with me on our trip to Hawaii. I called my friend Kathy and told her, and within two minutes Jani Lane called me. He pursued me and was very charismatic, kind and sweet. He went on Howard Stern's radio show and said, "I just wanna marry Bobbie Brown," which was flattering.

Jani once said he could shoot himself in the head for writing "Cherry Pie" because that song was all people focused on. Do you have similar regrets?

Of course not. That's why I'm here today. I know he had a time when he was like, "Screw that video!" But I also know he didn't feel that way when he passed. He was grateful for the success that song brought. But "Cherry Pie" wasn't the song that most guys who want to be known as a songwriter want to be remembered for.

Your acting career was a mess. What happened?

Fear of success. Fear of failure. Trying to please Mom. She was a pageant mother. I fucking hated that shit. I was miserable. I had to be hung by my neck at the chiropractor to be taller. I had to sleep with 300 rollers in my hair every night. I rebelled against it. My mom would never let me have my own ideas and thoughts. That's why I think sabotage came into play when I got to L.A. I didn't want to be what my mother wanted. I came out to L.A. and was a big fuck-up. The video and acting jobs just sort of landed in my lap, and I was very lucky. I sabotaged everything that I got. I regret that now.

Jani Lane died in 2011. When was the last time you spoke to him?

Three weeks before he passed, he called me and asked if he could move into the back bedroom of my apartment. He was trying to file for divorce from his most recent wife. I guess he was still struggling with his alcoholism. I said, "What are you talking about?

Fuck no!” I thought having him in the building would be weird, and my boyfriend wouldn’t dig that. Last time he called I didn’t pick the phone up. I look back and think maybe I should have.

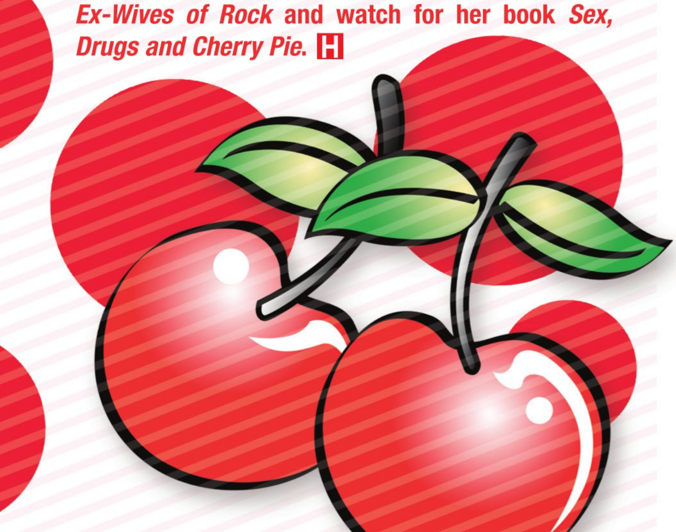
What do you miss most about Jani?

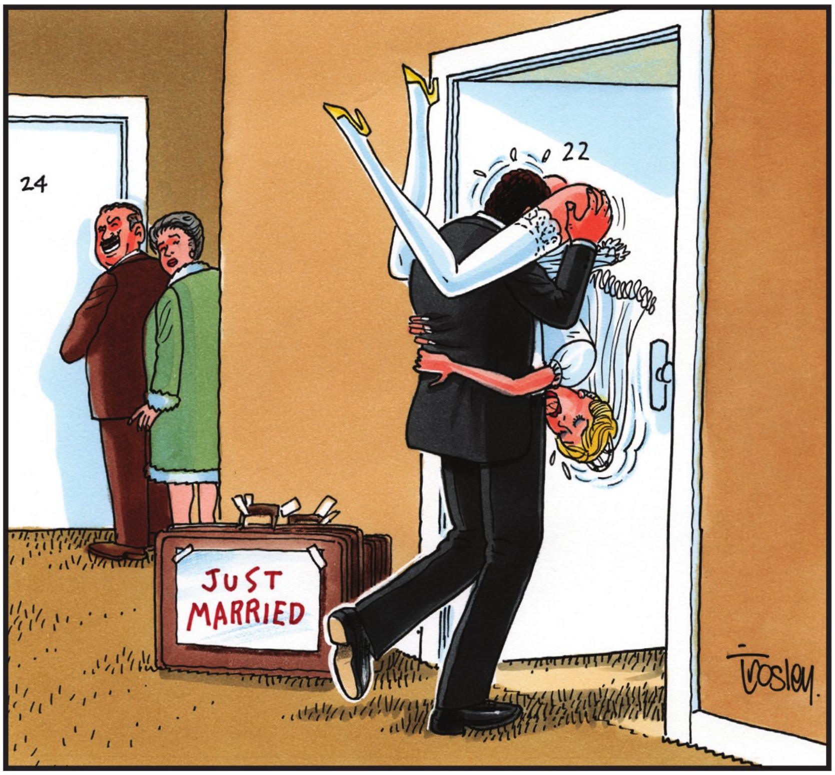
I’ll miss arguing with him and then pretending like we were never arguing. It was a love/hate relationship. I’ll also miss his striptease act. He could blow some of these women out of the water. I’m not shitting you. He would be dipping low and air spanking. Sometimes it would go on for 20 minutes or more. No pole or alcohol necessary.

You end your emails with a quote: “They may not remember what you did or what you said, but they will never forget how you made them feel.” Is that your mantra?

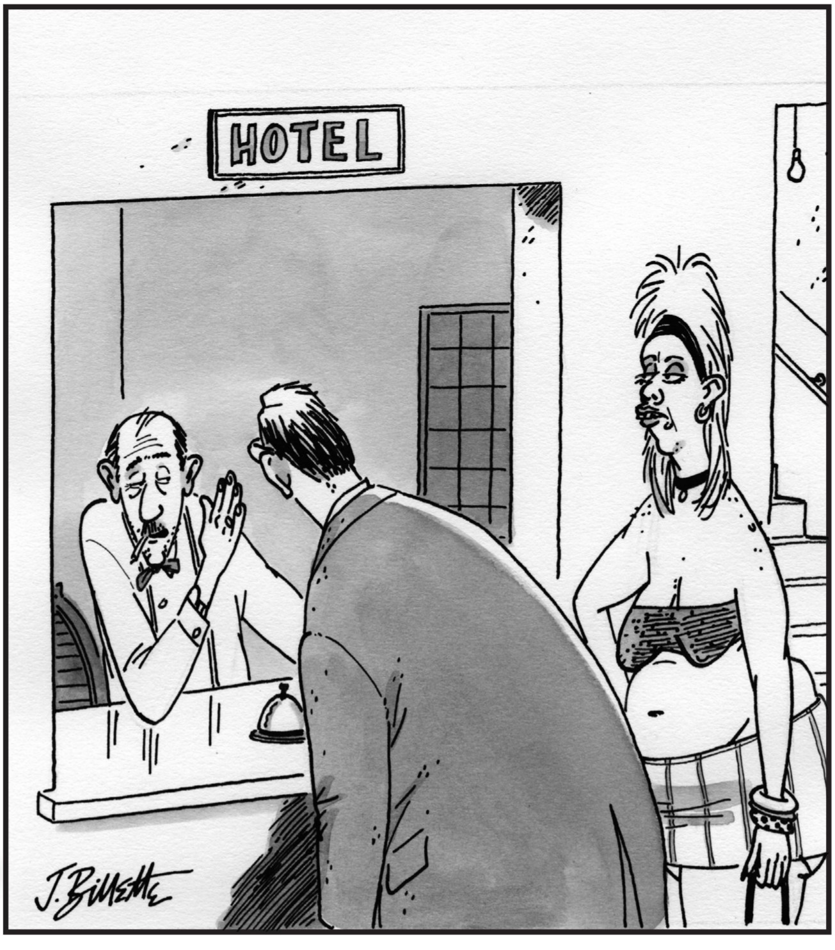
It’s not something I spurt out at people. But when I said it for the first time, I thought, *That’s exactly how I feel!* I guess it’s my motto, but I don’t have it tattooed on my ass.

For more Bobbie Brown, check her out on Fuse’s *Ex-Wives of Rock* and watch for her book *Sex, Drugs and Cherry Pie.* H





“Now *that’s* the way to carry a bride across the threshold!”



“Enjoy your stay, sir. The minibar is fully stocked—including antibiotics.”

oregano, peppers, olives, artichokes,
Hot
onion, garlic, basil, sausage, pepperoni,
Fresh
pineapple, anchovies, mushrooms,
Pizza
parmesan, mozzarella
Hot Fresh Pizza

ASIAN DEEP DISH ORGY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

The pizzas at Franky's are marginal at best, but there's always a line around the block. That's because of the establishment's reputation for attracting hot Asian babes willing to engage in spontaneous sexcapades.

Take, for example, poontang posse **Gia Grace**, **Cindy Starfall**, **Mia Lelani**, **Jessica Bangkok** and **Mia Rider**. These horny galpals have met up at the pizza parlor, but the only thing they're hungry for is a slice of cock. Thankfully, the friendly staff is able to whip something up for them. The menu includes blowjob appetizers, followed by rounds of hearty pussy-pounding, topped off with warm jizz for dessert.

Asian Deep Dish Orgy is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

PLAZA
Gran

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

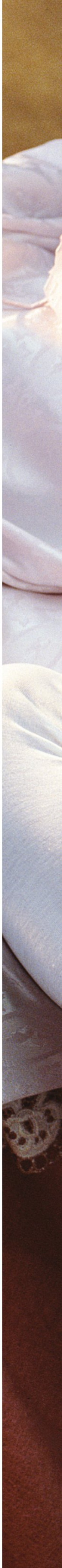
FRENCH MAIDEN

JUNE 1983
HUSTLER
CLASSIC

MARIE

What is it that makes French women so sexy? "Maybe it's because we're brought up watching all those naughty French movies," laughs 22-year-old **Marie**. "But to be serious, I think it's because in France we are taught that a woman can be independent and still be feminine. Pleasing a man is very important to us. After all, French is the language of love."

That is a language **Marie** speaks very well. As an interpreter, she has plenty of time to practice on the many foreign men who visit her country. "I love all kinds of guys," confesses the Paris-born mademoiselle. "But Americans are my favorites. They seem like the cowboys we see in movies; they're so big and strong." Then adds, winking, "And a big man is something women always like no matter what country they're from."



The September '13 issue goes on sale June 11, 2013. Visit our website at HustlerMagazine.com.

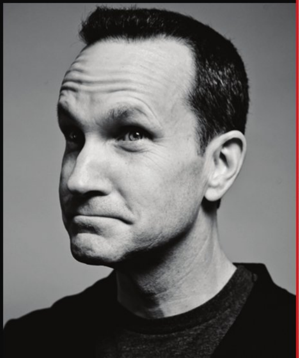
ALYSSA
REECE

COMING NEXT

WEBCAM WONDER LILY FIGUERA

"I'm okay with people watching me," admits Lily Figuera. Why not? She's making a load of dough simply by disrobing for online peepers in the comfort of her own bedroom. Eschewing a keyboard, the bodacious Filipina spells out the highs and lows of webcamming, dispels a major misconception linked to the popular endeavor and reveals her ultimate ambition. Plus, you won't have to power up a computer to see Lily nude since she'll also be showcased in a tantalizing photo-spread.

JIMMY PARDO'S COMEDY KINKS



"I was the guy that made fun of the class clown," recalls Chicago native Jimmy Pardo, who's now in a class of his own as a comedian. He's Conan O'Brien's warm-up act for one thing, but he's most proud of being a podcasting pioneer. Listen in as Pardo—the host of *Never Not Funny*—discusses his most bewildering addiction, the character he'd likely portray in a smut flick and the hardcore classic that's buttressed his wit for 20 years.

CHARLOTTE STOKELY'S DESERT JOYRIDE

Following up his *AVN* expo portfolio in this issue, gonzo shutterbug Nate "Igor" Smith gives us another photo exclusive next month as he chronicles his impromptu road trip with elusive porn star Charlotte Stokely. Here's a flash of things to come: "Charlotte jumped into the driver's seat of my rental car stark naked, and we sped away toward Joshua Tree National Park." Let's just say Charlotte's hot streak is way naughtier than *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*—fake dinosaurs included.

NUDITY: ART OR OBSCENITY?

Is there a significant difference between nudity as a form of artistic expression and the adult industry's glorification of bare bodies? Sharing her perspective on the debate is "photographic artist" Asia Hamilton, who recently staged an eyebrow-raising exhibit titled "Naked or Nude?" You'll also get to see her taboo-embracing masterpieces, which she says "show regular people as beautiful works of art—fat, skinny, tall, short, black, white."